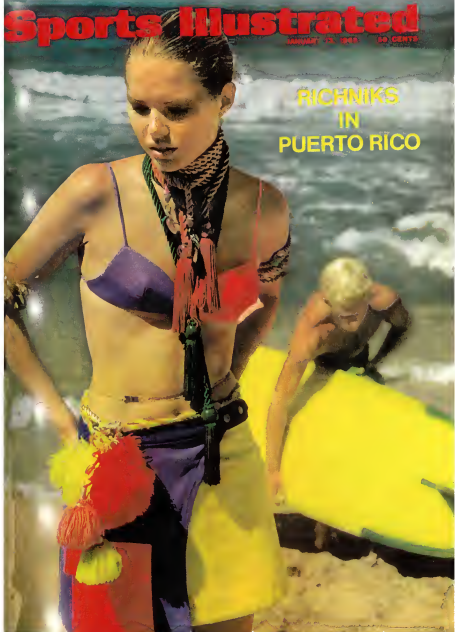


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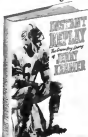
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# Contents

JANUARY 13, 1969

Volume 20, No. 2

Cover photograph by Ernst Haas

## 12 The Hard Way to Hobart

*SF's* yachting writer took it, sailing through whales and gales to a first-place finish in a wild ocean race

## No. 1 in the Rose; 12 in the Orange

16 *Ohio State* crushes USC and the national title heads east

20 *Penn State* overcomes adversity and Kutztown by the dozen

## So Near and Yet So Far Out

22 *Puerto Rico* will never be the same now that Puro is there

26 *The season's* sun clothes are for the far side of paradise

## 36 A Go Pattern vs. a Stop Team

*The New York Jets'* passing attack conquered the AFL, but the Baltimore Colts' defense should prove tougher

## 42 Three-Way Sprint to the Money

*First one, then two, now three different groups are trying to bring professional track into existence*

## 46 Subterfuge on a Sylvan Rally

*The name of the sport is orienteering, but to Clive Gorman it was more like "cherchez la femme"*

## The departments

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 6 Scorecard           | 56 Basketball's Week |
| 40 People             | 58 For the Record    |
| 42 Track & Field      | 59 19th Hole         |
| 44 College Basketball |                      |



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Credits on page 38

## Next week

THE SUPER BOWL presents the passing strategy of Joe Namath, the New York Jets' quarterback, against the bruising defense of the Baltimore Colts. Tex Maule reports.

THE POWER STRUGGLE between conservationists and utility companies over haphazard planning of nuclear plants is described and decried by Senior Editor Robert H. Boyle.

BLEEDING BUFFALO, scorned by baseball and hockey and slandered as bush and barren by unkind critics, fights on for major league status. An appreciation by Brock Yates.



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# What it takes to be No. 1

by Earl Morrall



## You've got to hang in there.

"Of all the football players in this country, I'm one of the last who ever expected to be asked 'what it takes to be No. 1.'"

"Up until the 1968 season I'd had 12 good, creditable years in pro football. But I was never quite able to become one of the very top players in the game."

"But one thing drove me through those years: my determination to do the best job I could in whatever role I was asked to play. I figured I owed that much to my team—and maybe more importantly—to myself."

"Then, as you know, early last season, our Colts quarterback Johnny Unitas hurt his arm. And the burden and the pressure of being a starting quarterback in the world's toughest football league fell to me."

"I guess the big question of the year, as far as Baltimore was concerned, was: 'Can Earl Morrall do it? Can he step into the shoes of one of the greatest quarterbacks of our time and do the job that needs to be done?'"

"And I guess the answer has to be in the result. We had a great season. All those years of waiting and hoping and doing my best paid off—all in one great season."

"You ask me what it takes to be No. 1? I think it's the same for a whole career or just one season. And I can wrap it up in one word—dedication—working every day as if the whole game depended

on you, even when you know you're not going to start."

"I can think of guys I've known who *did* give up—guys who slacked off because they figured, 'Aw, what's the use?' Who knows whether or not one more tomorrow might have brought them success?"

"If I can say anything, it's that I'm living proof that being willing to pay the price every day can pay off. And I suppose that's true of any kind of job you've got to do—whether it's playing football, selling suits or running a business."

"You've got to keep believing that some day you're *going* to be No. 1. Keep believing it and working at it and some day, just maybe, it might happen."

"I waited a long, long time for the big one. It can be done."

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# SCORECARD

## WHATEVER LEWIE WANTS

Pro basketball is about to make the same mistake with Lew Alcindor that it made a decade ago with Wilt Chamberlain. George Mikan, commissioner of the ABA, says fawningly of Alcindor, "We will bend in any direction and make every effort to sign him in our league. He would be a great asset and a great leader in any community he chooses to live in." In other words, anything Lewie wants, Lewie gets.

Walter Kennedy of the NBA claims his league will not engage in a bidding war with the ABA over Alcindor. He says it won't, but the NBA's executive committee meets this coming Monday before the All-Star Game in Baltimore to discuss the Alcindor question—and more than a few NBA people feel, like Mikan, that Alcindor is worth any price or any arrangement.

Nonsense. When Chamberlain came along, the NBA owners were so awestruck with anticipation that they made it clear to Wilt and the public that he was more important than the game itself. Wilt took them at their word and has been a problem ever since, even though he is a superb athlete and a good basketball mind who should be a stupendous asset to a team. Today, a few months after joining his third NBA club, he is again embroiled in disputes with his coach and creating confusion in the team's style of play. Wilt would have been far more valuable over the years if, in the beginning, he had been offered an appropriate salary and had been treated like any other first-rate athlete. A player like Wilt—or Robertson or Bradley or Alcindor—may bring in extra fans the first time around the circuit because of his appeal as a novelty, but after that he is unimportant compared to the solid competition you must have to build a strong, continuing sports attraction.

The NBA should follow established drafting procedure, and the team that picks Alcindor should offer him a bonus and salary appropriate to his un-

questioned talent—in other words, a decent, dignified proposition befitting the operation of a major sport. The ABA should do the same. If it does not, if it decides to make some insane offer and Alcindor decides to take it, well, that's just too bad—too bad for the ABA and too bad for Lewie.

## CAN'T BLAME HEIDI

An irritated New Yorker, a Jet fan, complained bitterly because professional football refused to waive its policy of no local televising of home games when the Jets met the Oakland Raiders in Shea Stadium for the AFL championship. "I can see the logic of blacking out regular-season home games," he said, "but this was the championship, for Pete's sake. Did they think the Jets and the Raiders wouldn't draw capacity if the game was televised? Good lord, poor old baseball televises every game of the World Series, and to huge audiences, and it still gets capacity crowds. And think of the promotional impact—imagine millions of New Yorkers watching that terrific game, actually seeing Joe Namath lead the Jets into the Super Bowl. You can't buy that kind of exposure. But no—pro football says this is the way we do it because this is the way we do it. I think the game needs a checkup. It's showing signs of hardening of the arteries."

## SUPER HIJACK

Neither New York nor Baltimore will be blacked out for the Super Bowl, since the game will be played in Miami (which will be in the dark), and Jet and Colt fans can all sit comfortably at home watching the classic. Yet, literally thousands of them will make the trek to Miami to see their heroes live and not on TV. For example, National Airlines reported that it would be flying about 650 Jet fans from the New York area to Miami and another 400 Colt fans from Baltimore, going down Friday night and coming back Sunday night or Monday morning. Quite

a tribute to pro football's appeal.

Not surprisingly, a few apprehensive followers of the game decided to go down a few days earlier in order to have time enough to get back from Havana before the kickoff.

## LIQUID ASSETS

If you're a boatman and need a sinking fund or want to float a loan (though watering stock is out), then Chesapeake Bay would appear to be the place for you. The Chesapeake National Bank of Kilmarnock, Va. has converted a 33-foot fiber-glass houseboat into a nautical bank for marine people who don't have the time or inclination to use land-bound financial institutions. The boatbank, which operates at two locations near the mouth of the Rappahannock River, provides full banking services and is designed primarily to dredge up business among watermen like oyster tongers and commercial fishermen who get paid in cash but who are at sea during normal banking hours. Deposits during the first few months of operation to-



tailed more than a quarter of a million dollars, which may inspire a revival of the old Chesapeake Bay sport of piracy. Can't you see some freebooter throwing a line on the boatbank and towing the entire operation, deposit slips and all, to a desert island long since abandoned by Edward Teach?

## ADVANTAGE OUT

The long moribund sport of tennis received a lifesaving shot in the arm last year when open competition between amateurs and professionals was finally voted in. Wimbledon's first open tour-

continued

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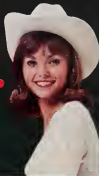
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nament was a stimulating affair, and the first U.S. Open at Forest Hills was a smashing success. But now tennis is in trouble again. The Town Club in Milwaukee canceled its \$40,000 national open clay-court championship scheduled for next July, and the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, N.Y., is talking seriously and sadly about dropping the \$100,000 U.S. Open.

Despite the arguments about "registered players," the core of the U.S. Open problem is simply the distribution of the money earned from gate receipts and television. The professionals, who provide most of the glamour, lost money playing in open tournaments in 1968. They would have done better financially if they had used the time for regular stops on the pro tours. Now, the professionals want to be guaranteed a lump sum to appear.

The West Side club feels that the pros do deserve a guarantee ("If we're going to hold an open tournament, we've got to have the pros," says Charles Tucker, West Side's president). But the United States Lawn Tennis Association, which must sanction the tournaments before any amateurs or "registered" players can appear in them, currently takes a generous share of the gate. If West Side gives the pros their guarantee and at the same time pays the USLTA its traditional take, the club ends up with all the headaches of a major tournament and an impossibly short end of the stick so far as money is concerned.

The next move appears up to the USLTA. It made a significant concession a year ago when it endorsed open play. Now it may have to strengthen tennis again by accepting a lesser share of the tournament income.

#### PRO PIPER

This is definitely not a good age for dogs. First, the deadly *Bufo marinus* toad infiltrated Florida, killing or grievously sickening those dogs rash enough to bite into its poison-laden neck. Now, there is a report from Jerseyville, Ill. of a "Devil Rabbit" that is playing havoc with the town's dog population. Supposedly, the rabbit has lured at least half a dozen dogs to their death by leading them on a zigzag course through busy traffic, where the heavier, slower, less agile canines are hit and killed by speeding automobiles. The rabbit has its burrow in a small wooded area of town.

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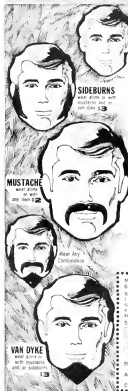
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### SCORECARD *continued*

and is seen—by people and unfortunate dogs—most often in winter, when it has less cover to hide in.

### TRIAL BALLOON

A campaign flyer arrived in the mail proclaiming: BASEBALL NEEDS JIM RHODES FOR COMMISSIONER. It was signed, "Rhodes for Baseball Committee, John W. Brown, Chairman." Jim Rhodes is the energetic governor of Ohio who was the focus of much interest at the Republican convention in Miami last August. Obviously, he is now gunning for the job of baseball commissioner.

Or is he? Turns out the campaign is a hoax rising from a tongue-in-cheek column by Ben Hayes in the Columbus *Citizen-Journal*, who suggested that Lieutenant Governor John W. Brown, an avid baseball fan, was keenly interested in getting Rhodes the commissioner's job—since that would leave the governor's chair open for Brown.

So it was all a joke. Except that, joke or no joke, a lot of people think it's a sound idea and that Rhodes may be precisely the man baseball is looking for.

### THE OLD ONE-TWO-THREE

Coaches always complain, or boast, about tough schedules, whether they are really tough or not, but Lou Carnesecca, basketball coach at St. John's in New York, had a streak of games at the turn of the year that justified any complaint, or boast. In the semifinals of Madison Square Garden's Holiday Festival tournament, Carnesecca's Redmen played North Carolina, ranked No. 2 in the nation. They beat the Tar Heels, which gave them the privilege of going against UCLA, No. 1 in the nation, in the finals. They were whopped by the Uclans. Still groggy, they resumed their regular schedule a few days later against Davidson, No. 3 in the nation. They won, by a single point in overtime. "All David had to do," said Carnesecca, proudly, "was meet one Goliath."

### SHOOT, TORO!

The Western Hockey League, which has teams in both the U.S. and Canada, may become a three-nation affair if a proposal to add Mexico City is approved at a league meeting later on this month. Bob Whitlow, onetime athletic director for the Chicago Cubs and now president of the WHL's Phoenix Roadrunners, has investigated Mexico City and



reports keen interest there. A couple of facilities seating 20,000-plus are reportedly available—one a building left over from the Olympics and the other a privately owned bullring, which is to be roofed and equipped with a portable floor for hockey.

"The Mexicans' love of contact sport should make hockey a natural," Whatlow argues. Which contact sport? Except for boxing, which, admittedly, is professional hockey without sticks and puck, and soccer, which isn't supposed to be, only one Mexican contact sport comes to mind, and it is hard to envisage the WHL putting ice skates on balls.

#### MOTHER OF COACHES

The abundance of football coaches coming out of Miami (Ohio) University has long been a source of wonder. The latest to crack the big time is Glenn (Bo) Schembechler, who took over as head coach at Michigan when Bump Elliott moved up to become associate athletic director. Schembechler's predecessor at Miami was John Pont, who moved to Yale and is now at Indiana. Pont's predecessor was Ara Parseghian, who went to Northwestern and then to Notre Dame. Before Parseghian, Miami had Woody Hayes, who shifted to Ohio State. Earlier, Miami had Sid Gillman, who went to the University of Cincinnati, the Los Angeles Rams and, now, the San Diego Chargers. Other Miami alumni include Paul Brown, Weeb Ewbank and Paul Dietzel and—to switch to another sport—Walter Alston. Miami will be naming its new head coach in the near future. We suggest you keep an eye on him.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Don Maynard, New York Jets flanker, on his physical condition after the Jets had defeated the Oakland Raiders to win the AFL championship and the right to play in the Super Bowl: "I've been hurting for three weeks. I hurt all over. I hurt so bad, the average man would be in traction."
- Paul Christman, TV announcer who once played for Green Bay: "Every player ought to play one season in Green Bay and learn what it is to be appreciated. A player can do no wrong. There isn't a boo in the house. Every other city in America will hang you in two weeks if you're losing."

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**Sports Illustrated**  
JANUARY 13, 1989

# THE HARD WAY TO



# HOBART

*Whales, gales and waterspouts were some of the hazards that threatened SI's yachting writer when he sailed through the Roaring Forties aboard the top boat in Australia's wildest race*

by HUGH D. WHALL

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MOORE



**I**t defies description," said Club Secretary Mervyn Davey as he took a swig from his second gin and bitters of the morning and watched the sailores bustling back and forth along the docks of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia. "There are just no words to describe this race."

He was wrong, of course. There are plenty of words to describe the horrendous odyssey that each year carries otherwise sensible seafaring men south from Sydney Harbor 640 miles across the Tasman Sea to Hobart on the island of Tasmania, but most of the words are unprintable—even in Australia. If whales don't stave in your bottom on the way to Hobart, then sharks are likely to chew off your rudder. If the calms don't drive you bonkers, then the gales will blow you inside out, for the Sydney-Hobart serves as a geography lesson as well as an endurance contest. It carries its contestants south out of the gentle trade winds into the fabled Roaring Forties, where the gales blow cold from the Antarctic and the giant albatross wheels and soars from trough to trough.

In the 24 years since its inauguration, this race under the Southern Cross has come to be considered a major classic by sailors all over the world, and to the people of Sydney and Hobart it ranks as a spectator sport second to none. Thanks to the location of the sponsoring yacht club right in the heart of Sydney Harbor, the start of the race alone draws a crowd numbering upward of 100,000.

By 9 a.m. on Boxing Day (Dec. 26),

*continued*

*Spectator craft of every size and shape buzzed along beside tall-sailed "Online" (foreground) and other racers at the start in Sydney Harbor.*

enthusiasts already had begun to throng the famous Heads, which serve Sydney as the Golden Gate serves San Francisco. Sunlight flickered from car windshields on every promontory, and what seemed at first to those of us in the fleet to be a kind of speckled patina on the countryside turned out to be thousands and thousands of people in gay shirts and dresses.

Beneath them on the water milled a spectator fleet of boats to be counted by the hundreds. Little outboards zipped in and out among sleek yachts and flying hydrofoils. Ferryboats were awash with fans eager to place bets with anyone who would look them, and tugboats bearded with TV cameras and newsmen.

For days before the race began, the newspapers had carried story after story on the front pages, along with news of the Apollo moon shot. Even the Davis Cup was relegated to a second spot. And so, by the time the fleet of 65 racers (including 16 foreign boats) was assembled for the start, most of the boats present were well known to the fans. However, one boat, the sloop *Manuku* from New Zealand, was conspicuous by its absence. Sailing down from Auckland,

*Manuku* suddenly found herself in the midst of a pod of whales. One of them laid its tail across her stern with such a whack that it rapped the boat wide open, leaving *Manuku's* crewmen to fend for themselves in an ill-equipped life raft for five days. We were assured that on the race itself whales would be as common as gales.

It was gales that overtook another of the entries en route to Sydney: the huge American ketch *Ondine*. Bound southward from Germany around Cape Horn to Sydney where several crewmen—myself among them—were scheduled to join her, shipowner Huey Long's 73-foot-racer (SI, Dec. 2) ran into a fierce blow and snapped off her mainmast in the Indian Ocean some 5,000 miles west of Sydney. The Australian press had several field days speculating on 1) whether Long's skipper, Sven Joffe, would get her to Sydney in time for the race, and 2) whether Long himself, whose former *Ondine* finished first in record time in the '62 race, could get a new mast shipped out and stepped soon enough to let her compete.

Any intelligent betting man would have given odds against either proposition, but, operating from command posts some 10,000 miles apart, Long and Joffe went to work. From his office in New York, Long got in touch with shipbuilders in Germany and ordered a new mast built to the specifications of the old one and shipped by air to Sydney (cost approximately \$40,000). Meanwhile, Joffe, with only enough fuel to drive his auxiliary diesel a fifth of the distance to Australia, set up a jury rig on what was left of the old mast and sailed his vessel onward to Albany, on the southwest coast, pausing there for 24 hours to rest and refuel before motoring on to Sydney, where he arrived five days before the race was to start.

Next day the new mast arrived. There followed a period of near pandemonium as crewmen and ship workers prepared to set it in place, under the direction of Australian crewman Bill Psaltis.

While all this was going on, Long himself was in San Francisco, furiously waiting out 24 frustrating hours of idleness resulting from a missed plane connection. Characteristically, Huey made it just on time, along with his 12-year-old son Russell, the youngest crewman ever to sail the Sydney-Hobart. At 8 a.m. on the morning of the race the two Longs

joined the rest of our polyglot crew of Germans, Australians, Americans, English, Canadians, and Japanese aboard the as-yet-unlatched ketch and set out for the starting line. "We'll tune while they're adjusting the compass," said Huey, referring to the careful balancing of tensions on the standing rig that is vital to any racing sailboat and generally occupies days.

While some of the crew worked on the shrouds, getting the new mast set just right, others of us began hauling a genoa jib—so huge it requires a special hoisting tackle—out of its bin below-decks. All around us the spectators were darting back and forth, drowning the hum of the wind with the din of their engines. As they passed *Ondine*, a crowd of barrackers aboard one big ferry, hurtling along as crazily as an out-of-control cable car, cheered and cheered again. "Good luck, mates!" The crew of an outboard so small it disappeared behind the wakes of bigger boats moved in occasionally to bellow. "Look out, your mast's falling off!"

One huge Donzi, piloted by a beer-drinking, bare-chested maniac with a German World War II steel helmet atop his head, circled *Ondine* ceaselessly and unsteadily, blowing raspberries on a multitone horn.

Bigger and faster than life size, the carnival roared along as if everyone was hurtling happily to oblivion. "O.K.," Huey finally said, "get the main on her." And the long, exhausting task of putting *Ondine* under sail began. Threading through the crowd, we heeled first under double headsails. Then, as the breeze slackened briefly, the big genoa rumbled up the headstay, the crew hauling it hand over hand. There were even more frantic cheers from the fans until at last, with a farewell toot, toot, on its horn, the last spectator boat abandoned us.

Next day the world had turned upside down. Gone were the cloud-flecked skies and the comfortable temperatures, replacing them were torrents of rain and tempests that punched first from starboard, then port, with heavyweight blows that caught *Ondine's* sails aback. As we tacked and tacked again, great ropes of water connecting sky and sea suddenly spiraled upward, whirling and twisting. Waterspouts capable of drowning even super tankers were forming all about. One spawned just to leeward, leaving a bubbling sore in the sea where

A minute on the windy deck was like an hour.



the surface licked upward. Against a continuous background of lightning, the spouts formed, dissolved and formed again. "Bear off away from it," yelled Long at the helmsman as still another reared right ahead.

The ocean behaved as if it were demented. Wave heads butted one another with no apparent reason or direction, rain belted even the albatross flat. Thankfully, after no less than 18 spouts were evaded, the last one finally spun away and the wind came through from the southwest. But not before the jib topsail had fluttered helplessly down its stay.

To determine what was wrong, 220-pound engineer Nick Hilton tried going up the headstay in a bosun's chair. On his first try he swung around so violently that he quickly came down again. On his second try, strapped securely into the chair, Hilton made it up the 92-foot mast and brought the jib topsail half-way down with him. At its end dangled a shackle that theoretically was unbreakable and as big as your hand. It had cracked clear through.

Somewhere, off in the distance, other vessels were having an even rougher time. The highly touted American sloop *Ruger*, second overall in this year's Bermuda and transatlantic races, lost her mast while pounding through rough head seas, as did another boat. Altogether 13 boats failed to make the finish, the biggest dropout rate in Sydney-Hobart history.

The fierce weather discouraged some skippers and even crews, but it didn't bother the lurking whales. They were there, all right, just as predicted. Quickly, Long decided to take a novel precaution. "Keep the generator running all night," he ordered, on the theory that, because whales have poor eyesight and good hearing, the sound of a diesel engine might scare them off. The idea worked, or seemed to, since the whales didn't bother us. Neither, fortunately, did a stray mine that was supposed to be drifting around in the dark.

Actually, the worst thing was the cold. *Onslow's* hands fought a continuing undeclared war with each other for the favored position farthest under the midship cockpit shelter. The losers huddled on sailbags with hands locked under armpits to ward off biting temperatures, freezing spray and driving rain. A second on watch became a minute, a minute an hour, an hour a century in the inky scum. By contrast, the warmth



Tasmania's thousands applauded as Skipper Long steered his ketch into her berth at Hobart.

below was too good to be true. Instead of making life more endurable, it only made going on deck tougher.

As it always does, the wind moderated in time and the sun came out again, and by the time *Onslow* led the fleet into Storm Bay the wind had almost faded. We began then to worry seriously about several smaller boats which persistently nipped at *Onslow's* heels for first-across-the-line honors, a goal she has never failed to achieve in any race she's entered. The nature of this one was against winning on corrected time. We knew it would take a miracle to do it, and no miracle appeared. Later on we learned that the corrected-time honors went to *Koomooloo*, an eye-catching Australian sloop owned by young (32) D. J. O'Neil. But the welcome that lay ahead of us as first arrivals in Hobart almost made up for the loss. It was even more incredible than the send-off in Sydney. Nowhere in the world are there sailing fans such as those who inhabit isolated Tasmania. They have even built a stadium at shoreside for devotees to watch races in the Derwent River. "We've only got 400,000 people in the state," said a local skipper, "yet I've seen as many as 100,000 watching our marine carnival."

So it was not surprising that most of Hobart was there to watch when *Onslow* blew into town under spinnaker on a freshening breeze. Crossing the finish line a safe first, *Onslow* jibed and rounded into the wind. A sound swept across

the water such as few sailing men have heard in their lives—a wild cacophony of honking horns and people cheering, thousands upon thousands of people, tens of thousands, it seemed, stacked along the riverbank shoulder to shoulder. "It's the most incredible finish I've ever experienced," Long said afterward.

"Pull into that dock over there," shouted a friendly official who came alongside in a launch, and *Onslow*, now under power, slowly made her way toward the harbor, with a fleet of small craft escorting her. As she pulled alongside, a fresh new kind of greeting awaited her, a greeting usually alien to yachtsmen. Lined between water and a cargo shed as far as the eye could see stood a crowd that did not yell, scream or stamp its feet, but instead solemnly clapped. They were not yachtsmen in Top-Siders, club ties or brassbound jackets but salesmen, housewives, a carpenter in his Sunday best and a waiter carrying his 3-month-old son to see "the winner."

The sight and sound took even *Onslow's* world-grinding, wisecracking crew aback. Later, as one of her hands clambered ashore through the throng, two boys, one the son of a brick mason and the other of a prison guard, stepped forward and grabbed his duffel bags. "You want a taxi, sir?" asked one. Told yes, he disappeared in search of a phone. When the taxi arrived, the crewman offered the equivalent of 25¢ to each boy. They politely rejected it. "You're on *Onslow*, you know," they explained. **END**

# DEFENSE AND REX MAKE A KING

*Ohio State's Buckeyes came from 10 points behind to win the Rose Bowl and the national championship with a crushing display of excellence that kept USC's offense in hand and its defense dismayed* **by DAN JENKINS**

The many theories of Big Game Winning in football echo through the sport like the growls of Woody Hayes. Big games are won on defense, it is said. Big games are won on preparation. Big games are won "up front"—with emotion, with momentum, by the better quarterback, by coaching, on the fewest mistakes, with field position, with the kicking game and sometimes by the One Great Scorer who comes to write against your face mask. And, finally, it is said that big games are usually *lost* and not won, but this is normally the lament of a loser. The truth is that big games are decided by a combination of these things, and the truest thing of all is that what *should* have happened in this season's Big Game, ahem, in fact, uh, did.

What should have happened in the Rose Bowl contest last week between No. 1 and No. 2 is that Ohio State should have beaten USC, 27 to 16. This final score is somewhat irrelevant because the game really ended on the third

play of the fourth quarter when the Buckeyes roared ahead by 20-10. An additional Trojan mistake added to Ohio State's total, and an official's mistake donated a meaningless touchdown to USC at the end, but the big game really lasted only 46 minutes and eight seconds, which was the time elapsed when Rex Kern—the better quarterback—threw a scoring pass to put Ohio State up by 10.

With the wondrous O.J. Simpson running 80 smogfree yards to the foot of the Sierra Madre, USC had been a good enough team to take a 10-0 lead in the second period and offer up the possibility that this one peerless back might just be dazzling enough to overcome the team strength of Ohio State throughout the beautiful afternoon. But this was asking too much. It takes a strong team to chew its way back from 10 down to 10 ahead, and OSU was that strong any way you wanted to measure it.

Rex Kern proved to be a more effective quarterback than USC's Steve Sogge. Ohio State's corps of runners—Jim Otis, Leophus Hayden and Kern—counterbalanced O.J., and the Ohio State defense, front, back and sideways, made the big plays that USC's did not.

It is only the esthetics of football which says that the offense, not the defense, should make the turning-point play in such a game. It would have been seemly and thrilling if Simpson

could have burst loose again, and if Ohio State could have won with a long drive at the finish—if, in other words, the game had not ended prematurely. That would have been the suspense drama that the Rose Bowl's 102,000 flag wavers and Nixon watchers might have been happier with. But the Ohio State defense was simply too impatient. When the Buckeyes' Bill Urbanik, an unesthetic tackle, rammed into Sogge's back, forcing him to fumble at his own 21-yard line, and when Vic Scottlemyer recovered for Ohio State, the play of the day had occurred. Not an 80-yard run or a leaping pass catch. Just a passer dropping back, being smothered and losing the ball. An ugly play, really, as unglamorous as Woody's white-fishnet jerseys but part of what football is all about—taking the ball away from the other team.

At this point the score was 13-10. Ohio State in an ultraclose, thoroughly stimulating affair that was as far from being settled as Columbus, O. is from Pasadena. No one could have been more aware than the suddenly desperate Trojans that to let Ohio State seize this opportunity to score, to jump ahead by 10, would be catastrophic. Nor was there any guarantee that USC would allow it to happen. Earlier, in the first quarter, the Buckeyes had driven to a first down at the Trojan 14, but Coach John McKay's forces had held.

Yet this could be the ball game, this fumble, and Rex Kern was personally going to see to it that it was. One of the first things Kern did was get away for a

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*Architects of victory were Quarterback Kern and Coach Hayes (left), but fatal damage was done by defense on key play (right) in which USC's Sogge (8) was hit by Urbanik (78) and ball was torn loose. OSU recovered and scored immediately.*





*Simpson highlighted his day with this move on 80-yard TD run, a sharp cut to right that fooled OSU's Mark DeBore (83) and Jim Stillwagon (88).*

#### THE BOWLS *continued*

crucial gain on what Hayes calls his quarterback's "third dimension."

Kern drifted back to pass at the USC 18, saw himself being enclosed by crimson shirts on both sides and quickly looked for the third dimension—the open alley in the middle. It was there, so Rex ran. For 14 huge, golden yards he ran. Momentarily after this it seemed USC had a chance to escape by giving up only a field goal, for two plays netted Ohio State zero. Now it was third down for the Buckeyes at the USC four-yard line. With McKay's defense dug in for the run, or perhaps the dropback pass, Kern had another key play—a first dimension. He faked the middle, rolled to his left and threw a perfect little pass to Leophus Hayden, his halfback, who had sneaked lonesomely into the left-hand corner of the end zone.

These two plays—the run and the pass, both in clutch moments—demonstrated

Rex Kern's superiority at quarterback. He is a bigger, stronger, faster and more instinctive football player than USC's Steve Sogge, so Kern certainly should be a better quarterback. The amazing thing about Sogge is that he took the Trojans as far as he did. He is a kid that John McKay never thought would make it. But few coaches ever got more out of a player than McKay got out of Sogge, so he will just have to be excused for the Rose Bowl loss.

So will O.J. Simpson. The Heisman winner committed a pair of important errors during the afternoon, but they were not his two widely discussed fumbles. These did not hurt that much, although fumbles never help anything. One fumble came when the score was still tied, and Ohio State did not capitalize on it. The other came after the game was lost. What Simpson did do—which almost nobody noticed—was underes-

timate the speed of John Tatum, Ohio State's demon cornerback, on a swing pass that should have been a touchdown, and then on the same series he overthrew a cinch touchdown pass to End Ted DeKraai, the kind you complete to your 6-year-old son in the backyard.

These plays came on USC's initial significant drive. On the first, Simpson took the pass from Sogge for 16 yards down to the Ohio State three-yard line. He was breezing into the end zone, he thought, when out of nowhere flashed Tatum. The Buckeye sophomore saved four points, the difference between a touchdown and a field goal, by bouncing O.J. out of bounds. O.J. was not burning speed or he would have scored. He just didn't see Tatum coming, he said later, and he didn't know Tatum was that fast, anyhow, although McKay respected the Buckeye defender by shaping his game plan to work away from





But O.J. had his dark moments, too, including this fumble of a short pass after being hit by Mark Stier (#4). Mike Polaski (#6) recovered for OSU.

him. Three plays later O.J. overthrew the pass, and USC came away with three points instead of seven.

This did not seem to matter much moments thereafter when O.J. got loose on a pitchout to the short side of the field, broke two tackles, faked a third man dizzy with a 180-degree cutback and sprinted 80 yards to a touchdown on the prettiest run of any Rose Bowl ever. It seemed then that O.J. was going to close out his splendid two years in the grandest of style.

He did, in fact, wind up with 171 yards, which is hardly an argument that Ohio State stopped him. He repeatedly kept the game rocking with good runs and pass catches. In his whole two years at USC he never stopped being the best collegiate runner that most of us have ever seen or will be seeing for quite a while.

But as the reign of O.J. ends, the reign

of Ohio State's Woody Hayes and Rex Kern begins—or continues. Woody has been proving all season that the game has far from passed him by, and he made this unmistakably clear in Pasadena. His preparations were superb, right down to not letting his squad overeat or be overimpressed by the scenery, an attitude that outraged local boosters. Woody was tough in practice, and the California press thought even tougher with them. Offensively, he believed he could run USC's middle, and he did. "We knew if they studied us, they'd want to stop us outside first, and they did a good job of it. But that gave us the inside running and the curl-in passes. They couldn't stop everything," he said.

Woody claimed, shortly before leaving on his annual visit with the troops in Vietnam, that he was not rattled or stunned when he trailed by 10 points. "We'd found out that we could run on 'em,"

he said. "And I didn't figure O.J. was going to break another one. I still thought we'd win."

One of the rather frightening aspects of the victory, for Ohio State's future opponents at least, is that Woody gets back Rex Kern and almost everybody else. True, he loses his big tackles, Dave Foley and Rufus Mayes, and a terrific linebacker, Mark Stier, and a few others from around the trenches, but Ohio State has never had a problem filling the trenches. Some of Woody's past teams looked like 11 tackles who had flipped a coin to see who took the snapbacks. But the throwers and the catchers and the runners and such superb defensive backs as Tatum and Mike Sensibaugh all come back to Woody for 1969 and most of them for 1970 as well. "They never made a mistake," said a discouraged USC player afterward. They may not for two more years.

CONTINUED

**12 x 4 = 48 JAYHAWKS ON FOUR PLAYS**



*Penn State defeated Kansas in a tumultuous Orange Bowl game that saw losers use a 12-man team again and again and again* by WILLIAM JOHNSON

In college football's annals of the bizarre, there will always be preserved the moment at left. Perhaps it will be in a chapter entitled *The Guilty Dozen* or maybe on a page captioned *The Night They Made Twelve An Odd Number In Miami*. The scene is from the 1969 Orange Bowl, where Penn State beat Kansas 15-14, and it is neither facetious nor inaccurate to say that the Nuttany Lions of Coach Joe Paterno accomplished their swashbuckling triumph over the Jayhawks of Coach Pepper Rodgers despite uneven if not overwhelming odds. Penn State was at times outnumbered but never outplayed.

A detailed reconstruction from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED photographs shows without doubt that in the madness that surrounded—indeed, engulfed—the last 80 seconds of the Orange Bowl, Kansas, ahead 14-7, was conducting a brilliant goal-line stand by using 12 men against Penn State's 11. Twice the 12-man defense threw back Penn State runners. Then the baffled Penn State quarterback managed to score by deciding at the last split second to dash away all by himself instead of proceeding with the play he had called. It was not until the two-point conversion try, which Kansas also squashed, that an official noticed there were lots of dark-blue Jayhawk helmets on the field, like a dozen or so.

Pepper Rodgers is a wily, intelligent, outspoken and unpredictable coach and he has concocted some wild defenses in his time, but never one with 12 men. It might be tempting but it isn't practical, as several million New Year's Day television watchers learned when they were aroused from nine hours of unblinking devotion to video bowls by the preposterous events at Miami. What they saw was a Penn State touchdown with 15 seconds left that made the score 14-13. At this point Joe Paterno, who will always go for broke, decided to try for two points. "If we couldn't win, we'd lose," he said later. It looked like lose when Penn State's conversion pass from Quarterback Chuck Burkhardt to Halfback Bob Campbell was knocked down by a large flock of Jayhawks.

The flock was too big by one. Foster

Grose, the umpire in the five-man team of officials, had counted the Kansas crowd from his position on the orange-colored grass of the end zone. "I knew before the ball was ever snapped," said Grose later, "that I'd have to call a foul. I had my hand on my marker when the play started. It was all very routine, the counting of the players I mean. I do it every play. [Well, almost every play perhaps.] My heart was thumping some, though."

It was the fluttering red handkerchief of Umpire Grose that alerted Kansas and the world to the fact that the Jayhawks might not have won the Orange Bowl after all. The penalty was marched off, and this time Penn State, not outnumbered, was able to get its two points on a sweep by Campbell. The result was the 15-14 victory, an undefeated season for Penn State and a No. 2 national ranking in the grand final poll.

The two points would never have been possible without the preceding touchdown, of course, and it was here that there should have been lots of handkerchief waving. The action started as Penn State used its next-to-last time-out with 1:20 left to play and forced Kansas to punt. State set up a thing called 10-Go Charge. "It's a desperation play with 10 men trying to block the kick," said Paterno later. The kick was partially blocked and rolled dead on the 50. On the next play Quarterback Burkhardt, whose passing credentials are hardly frightening, leaned back and threw his ball, arm and heart in a giant rainbow arc to Campbell, who made the catch behind a leaping Jayhawk defender and got to the Kansas three.

Now, with a minute left, Paterno outlined the next three plays to Burkhardt along the sidelines. "Chuck was positively the coolest guy around," said Paterno. "He kept telling me, 'We'll win, coach. Don't worry.' It was great, but sometimes I wonder if he has quite enough talent to be *that* cocky." As it turned out, he did. But while Penn State was gearing up its last offensive thrust, Kansas was sending in its defensive goal-line team. And through a misunderstanding among Jayhawks on the field—two came in, one went out—sports had its worst bookkeeping error since Roberto Di Vincenzo added himself out of the Masters. The first two

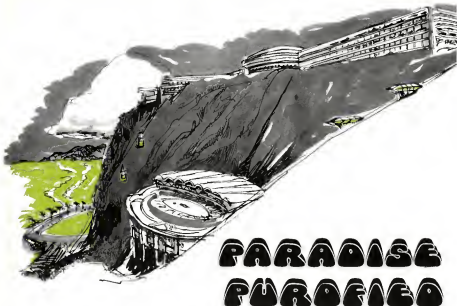
runs against Kansas failed and Burkhardt now obediently called the play Paterno had ordered up—something named 56 Sessors, a handoff into the line to Halfback Charlie Pittman. But once the action began, Burkhardt changed his mind. Instead of giving the ball to the surprised Pittman, he "did something I've never done before, never even thought of before." He kept the ball, slipped it behind his hip and ran a bootleg around left end for the touchdown, his first as a collegian. Even the 12-man defense couldn't stop that kind of deception. Then came the conversion confusion.

The deeds of the final seconds will surely obscure the fact that this was a well-controlled, reasonably well-played football game between two well-matched teams. In the first quarter the Penn State offense seemed markedly superior to the Kansas defense, but one lost fumble and two interceptions prevented State from scoring until the second quarter. Kansas was sound on offense but not sensational, and the 7-7 halftime score was reasonable. In the second half Kansas Halfback Don Shanklin made one of his patented punt returns, this one for 47 yards to Penn State's seven-yard line to set up the go-ahead touchdown. But that was all Kansas got.

After the game, slouched on a folding chair in his gloom-shrouded dressing room, Pepper Rodgers said through a smile that seemed full of clenched teeth: "Let's just say that it was good show *but*—we turned what would've been a dull win for us into an exciting win for them." In addition, Rodgers had qualified himself for the Joe Paterno Memorial Head of Bone Award for losing gambles on fourth-and-one in bowl games. Joe last year wound up with a tie instead of a win in the Gator Bowl because of such a misjudgment with a 17-point lead. Rodgers lost the 1969 Orange Bowl the same way, by passing up a fourth-quarter field-goal try from the Penn State five-yard line with fourth down and one to go. "Yeah, it was a lousy play and I shouldn't have done it," Rodgers said. "So I was wrong. I wish I'd been right."

Still, as Paterno said in the wee hours of the morning following his own review of a TV re-run of the game: "You know, there was enough glory in that game for *both* teams. No one should be ashamed. We were both great teams tonight." Right. And the players on the field in that last anguishing minute could be especially proud—all 23 of them, **END**

*Here is the Kansas 12-man formation set to stop first of three Penn State touchdown tries.*



## PARADISE PURIFIED

In Puerto Rico, wheeler-dealer Louis Puro did a stately pleasure dome decree. Its name is El Conquistador, and so far Puro has spent \$30 million to make it the most beautiful, wonderful, fantastic hotel in the world

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Once upon a time, last November in fact, almost 200 Beautiful People jetted from New York's John F. Kennedy airport to Puerto Rico. There were, for example, Elaine May, Xavier Cugat, Stephen Birmingham, Amy Vanderbilt and Maureen O'Sullivan, known to a past generation as Mrs. Tarzan and to the present as Mamma Mia, who entered the Trans Carib terminal elegantly trailing her coat across the floor. Also along on the junket were assorted members of the press, such as bouncy Bosley Crowther, late of *The New York Times*, the dashing Earl Dash, the editor of that lively sheet *Women's Wear Daily*, and Robert L. Green, fashion authority, who cooks marvelous dinners at his home in Bucks County, changes his clothes five times a day and speaks with a strange upper-crust accent that a very dear and close friend whispering confidentially across the table called British Yiddish.

All the Beautiful People and press were bound for a four-day trip to the very latest fun spot in the sun, El Conquistador Hotel and Club. As Eddie Meyers, the voluble PR man who dreamed up the junket, exclaimed of the

hotel, "It's hedonism, it's opulence, it's the end of Western civilization!" Ten or 12 years ago, when *West Side Story* was a Broadway smash, Puerto Rico did not exactly have class. At best, the popular image was of long lines of cadaverous natives waiting at the San Juan airport to fly to New York to get on relief and vote the straight machine ticket. But Puerto Rico has changed. Thousands upon thousands of Stateside Americans, including the Beautiful People, are jetting to San Juan for absolutely razzmatazz vacations. Last year, for the first time, the island had more than a million visitors, and projections for the future are up, up and beyond.

The boom is due, in fair part, to the efforts of a one-time New York fester merchant, Louis Puro, a relative newcomer to Puerto Rico. Puro has more visions of splendor than the Great Gatsby, and he has spent money on hotels with such a lavish hand that even the people at the Rockefeller-owned Dorado Beach have had to gasp. Short, dapper and white-haired, Puro is a strong family man (three daughters, six grandchildren) who likes to mix with



DRAWINGS BY JOHN FIEBERGER

the fancy show-biz crowd. Euphoric by nature, he peppers his conversation with such superlatives as "fantastic," "wonderful" and "beautiful." Puerto Rico is "beautiful," the weather there is "beautiful," his guests are "beautiful" and he has a "beautiful wonderful relationship" with all his help who are doing a "beautiful job." A longtime baseball fan—he would like to get a major league franchise for San Juan—he finds baseball "just a beautiful game to see" in Puerto Rico.

Now 54, Puro was born and raised on the Lower East Side (which was not beautiful), and when he was 16 went to work with his father in the feather and down business. Wonderful. In time, business grew as he and his father expanded into pillows and comforters, and Purofied Down Products is now the biggest pillow company in the world. Beautiful. In 1960 Puro and his wife went to San Juan on a vacation. "I fell in love with it," he says. "I thought the future of Puerto Rico was fantastic." Castro had closed down Cuba, and Puerto Rico was starting to get a tourist trade. ("But Puerto Rico is on its own now," says Puro. "Even if Cuba did open up tomorrow, Puerto Rico wouldn't have to worry.") A bit of a wheeler-dealer in suburban real estate in the States, Puro was approached by some business associates who wanted to buy the El San Juan Hotel. Puro joined in and became chairman of the board of the San Juan Hotel Corporation which bought the hotel from a

subsidiary of Pan Am. "The hotel wasn't doing too well," Puro says, "and the occupancy was low. The hotel didn't have a dramatic flair."

To give it that flair, Puro called in Alan Jonathan Langan, a young decorator who had done the Puro home in Forest Hills, and let him have his head. Ten million dollars later, an expanded, redecorated and very loud El San Juan was hopping. It would sprain eyeballs even in Miami Beach, but in San Juan it has been a hit both with tourists and Puerto Rican society. Puro broke with tradition by bringing in star entertainment. Victor Borge, Sammy Davis Jr. and Eddie Fisher perform regularly at El San Juan, and, after other hotels followed suit, Puerto Rico soon ranked immediately after Vegas in big-name entertainment.

Several years ago Puro again did the unexpected. He and his wife Gertrude went off to Fajardo, on the sticks of the northeast coast of Puerto Rico, for a vacation of their own. They stayed at a small hotel, El Conquistador. Puro liked what he saw: the hotel was perched atop a 325-foot hill overlooking both the Atlantic and the Caribbean.

continued

The place to be at 4 p.m. is the swinging deck of the lancha



In the distance were the islands of Culebra, Vieques and St. Thomas, while inland the view was of the putting peaks of the El Yunque rain forest. El Conquistador was then being managed by the estate of a deceased Detroit millionaire. Financially, the hotel wasn't going anywhere, it had only 87 rooms and fewer facilities. Puro made inquiries, and he and his El San Juan associates bought El Conquistador. Aside from the Dorado Beach and the Dorado Hilton, no other major hotel in Puerto Rico was then located outside San Juan, but this did not make any difference to Puro, who wanted to create what he frankly calls "the greatest hotel in the world."

In came Jack Katz, one of Puro's sons-in-law, who supervised construction, and off to South America and Europe went Decorator Langan in hot pursuit of surplus armor from Pizarro's army. Thirty-two million dollars later, in time for the November junket of *Beautiful People* and press, an expanded and glistening El Conquistador celebrated its inaugural. Instead of 87 rooms, there are now 388 rooms and suites in a complex of buildings. Each room and suite has a terrace and its own view of the sea. There is an 18-hole golf course on which Arnold Palmer, Chi Chi Rodriguez and Gay Brewer have already played a match that will be shown on the *Wonderful World of Golf* on Jan. 11. Puro even imported swans from Europe for the fairway ponds, and one of the birds later laid an egg that produced the first swan ever born in Puerto Rico, prompting one guest to ask, "Where's Leda?"

There are badminton courts and tennis courts and a chlorine of swimming pools, including a five-acre palm-fringed saltwater pool down by the shore. There is an opulent domed gambling casino (craps, roulette and 21) that is a sort of hushed temple to money. In Puerto Rico it is

You get to Sugar's by crossing a plastic gangway over water



against commonwealth law to serve drinks in a gambling den, but there are multitudes of bars nearby for the thirsty, the ultimate being Sugar's, the nightclub, done in plastic and hallucinogenic colors and furnished with 250 different kinds of chairs, love seats and couches, including a VW beetle painted lavender and parked on the floor. (If you must startle fellow merry-makers, the horn still works.) More than \$5 million was spent on furnishings. There is a hand-hewn, solid copper mural, 10 feet by 65, done in Italy, that serves as the outer facade for the Good Table restaurant (open 20 hours a day), and the opulent main dining room, the Sovereign's Court, is decorated with 53 paintings of kings, monarchs, infantas and pretenders that quietly murmur Instant Prado.

There is hall after hall for conventioners, one named after Pablo Casals, a resident of Puerto Rico. Casals himself put in an appearance for the dedication of the hall during the *Beautiful People* weekend, and he seemed to enjoy himself despite a couple of gaffes. For one, his name is misspelled Casals's Hall on the wall, and also there was the young lady, aspiring to be chic, who carried on what must have been a baffling conversation with the maestro under the misimpression he was Xavier Cugat.

Then there is the spa at El Conquistador. It is not a natural spa in the old-fashioned sense of magical waters bubbling from a cleft in a rock. This is a new type spa, a posh factory for fates that cost \$2.5 million. The spa is Puro's idea, because, as he puts it, "Spas today are becoming a big thing. All the spas opened in the States, such as in Florida or Palm Springs, have been very, very successful. All over the world people want to lose weight. The bookings are coming in great for our spa plan. Corporations want to send employees here to lose weight. Guests will be examined by our special doctor, we'll put them on a diet and they'll lose 10, 15 or

Sugar's has 250 kinds of "seats," including a VW and dinghy



20 pounds in a short stay. They have special diet food, but they sit at the same table with other guests, they mingle with the other guests." The spa has separate but equal facilities for men and women, furnished in Mies van der Rohe steel-and-leather elegance. There are steam baths, massage tables, saunas, facial rooms, gyms with chromed dumbbells and, up on the roof in the sun, a pair of open-air, giant whirlpool baths. According to one of the shapely Broadway actresses Puro had flown down to serve as a miniskirted guide for the Beautiful People weekend, "When you get in the bath, it feels as though you had 10,000 tiny fingers running over you—if you like that sort of thing."

The lanai complex, with an Olympic-size freshwater pool, a restaurant, a snack bar and a bar (Big Fish, Little Fish and Fish Bowl) nestles in an amphitheater toward the bottom of the hill. To get down to the lanai, or to the salt-water pool and marina below, you have to take either a cable car or a funicular. To speed traffic and ease congestion, Puro has ordered from a Swiss firm two giant air-conditioned funiculars, each with a carrying capacity of 30 persons. The marina should be finished next month and will offer berths to 70 boats; Puro plans to build a pier so that cruise liners can send passengers ashore. A catamaran now takes guests out to swim and frolic on nearby islets, and Walt Hendricks, an experienced diver, leads novice snorkelers or experienced scuba divers on underwater tours of nearby reefs. A charter boat is available for deep-sea fishing, but what an angler will catch is anyone's guess. Paradoxically, Puerto Rico has done little to develop its sport fisheries for sailfish, dolphin and blue and white marlin. ("I guess most Puerto Ricans have stuck with dried cod up till now," says a biologist who has spent time on the island.) Inshore, right at the hotel, there

The Astrodome of a casino is a futuristic gaming temple



is excellent light-tackle fishing to be had for jack, barracuda and sundry reef fishes.

Inevitably, an occasional Cassandra thinks Louis Puro is going to fall flat on his euphoric face with El Conquistador, but Puro says, "We are almost completely booked right through May." A second golf course will be finished this year, and then condominiums and houses, starting at \$25,000, will be built around both courses. Late this year, too, jumbo jets, carrying up to 490 passengers apiece, will start arriving at San Juan from the States, and four Puro helicopters will be ready to whisk guests to El Conquistador's private landing field only 10 minutes away. "Eventually I hope to build another 400 or 500 rooms," says Puro. "I am very optimistic." Given his optimism, Puro has no trouble sleeping at night in his all-white suite at the hotel. His pillow is Purofied. Beautiful.

Puro imported European swans to grace the waters of the golf course



## **SURFERS AND SYBARITES**

The thing about Puerto Rico that hits you hardest today is that it is suddenly all places under the winter-resort sun wrapped into one. It is Las Vegas action, Tahiti escape, Acapulco jazz and Barbados serenity. It all depends on where you stay and how you play there. The peculiarly eclectic quality of the island is dramatized by the eclectic quality of this winter's beach fashions. The surfer at right is ready to ride a wave or watch the championships in cover-up stripes. On the following pages other Puerto Rico resorters, whether bared in a minimum of mail or costumed like rich hippies, make the scene the length of the island, from Conquistador to Rincón.

Photographs by Ernst Haas





incón, on the west coast of Puerto Rico, was the site of the 1968 world surfing championships. For viewing them, Jamee Becker wears Oscar de La Renta's long-sleeved maillot.



On the lush green lawn of the Mayaguez Hilton, Jamee limbers up in a cotton romper swimsuit designed by Bill Blass. Mayaguez is a resort getaway near Rincón's surfing beaches.



t Dorado Beach, which has a two-mile strand on the Atlantic, Vicky Howard rides Azuquitar, a native-bred Paso Fino pony. Her cowboy and Indian getup is from Giorgio Sant'Angelo.





At El Conquistador's spa,  
in a rooftop whirlpool  
bath that is the world's largest, Erin  
Gray splashes in the Caribbean  
sun wearing Oscar de La Renta's  
one-piece stretch nylon swimsuit.







Waiting for the surf at Rincón, Mike Hynson talks to Erin and Jamee, both in Sant' Angelo's rich-nik ropes and jeans. Vicky (right) waits in a Roxanne swimsuit that bares only the back.





or sailing a native sloop from the fishing village of Fajardo, near El Conquistador, Vicky wears a shiny, many-zippered jump suit made of lightweight nylon *cliré* by Elaine Brandt.





## TRAVEL AND BUYING FACTS

Easterners tend to think of San Juan as a kind of tropical Brooklyn and the airlines that take them there as jet-propelled subways. They are not far from wrong on either account. The cheapest New York-to-San Juan fare is \$45, or, at less than 4¢ a mile, cheaper than the average subway ride. There are about 500 flights a week from the U.S. mainland to San Juan. Delta, Eastern, Pan Am and Trans-Caribbean are the busy airlines. Most of the straphangers are headed for the crowded confines of San Juan's Condado Beach and Isla Verde hotel strips. But now, with El Conquistador, like the Dorado Beach and the Dorado Hilton before it, enlivening the periphery of the island, there is a whole new Puerto Rico to discover.

El Conquistador is 37 miles east of San Juan. The hotel has a five-passenger helicopter that leaves from a parking lot near the airport every half hour during daylight. The 10-minute trip to Conquistador costs \$15. A limousine service costs \$5 and takes about an hour and a half.

One of the remarkable things about this hotel is that there is not a room without a view, either of the Caribbean all the way to St. Thomas or of the Atlantic and the fishing village of Fajardo. Rooms cost from \$52 to \$70 single, from \$72 to \$90 double, with breakfast and dinner included. After April 30, rates drop dramatically.

One of the great advantages of El Conquistador is its water. All the other major hotels on the island face the open ocean, but here one is on the protected Caribbean, with clear water for sailing and water skiing, reefs for skin diving and islands for picnic excursions. Walter Hendricks, an old hand at the game in Puerto Rico, has been made water-sports director of the hotel and he and his two sons will teach you basic scuba in the hotel pool and take you on reef excursions after. When the marina is finished in February, this hotel will be the ideal takeoff point for deep-sea fishing trips as well.

The marina will also have an attractive waterside restaurant—open only at lunch, unfortunately. This should be a great place for an informal thatch-roofed seaside dining place, the kind you find in Acapulco or Capri, and a considerable relief from the air-conditioned marbled halls up on the hill, where one is forced to dress for dinner. And in Puerto Rico dress means no trousers for the ladies, no matter how fashionable trousers are this year, and ties—no turtle-necks—for the men. The reason for this archaic formality after dark in an otherwise with-it resort is the casino. The government gambling commission requires such

dress in all casinos, and the hotels figure that a guest better be dressed before he eats or he might not bother to change just to play the tables.

If El Conquistador does not seem your cup of caramelé—it isn't everyone's—consider these other possibilities: Dorado Beach, which has not only the best golf resort in the Caribbean but first-rate tennis and a first-rate tennis pro—Nick Bollettieri; or the Mayaguez Hilton, a superbly run hotel in the quiet, provincial town of Mayaguez on the western end of the island. It is here that the Atlantic surf runs high, and at nearby Rincon the 1968 world surfing championships were held. If what you are really looking for is a quiet tropical vacation with prices in line with the extremely low fares to Puerto Rico, consider one of the island's guest houses. There are 50 of them, either on or only walking distance from the beach where double rooms cost no more than \$12 to \$20 a day. The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico Department of Tourism, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019, will send you a list.

The outfit and accessories worn by Jamee Becker on the cover were designed by Giorgio Sant'Angelo. The top and wraparound skirt are of 100% Acrilan knit. They cost \$90 and, like all of Sant'Angelo's put-ons on these pages, are at Bonwit Teller, New York, and at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. On page 27 Jamee wears a striped suit designed by Oscar de La Renta for Fantasy Swimwear. It is of nylon stretch fabric and costs \$40 at Lord & Taylor, New York, Saks, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. On the following page, at the Mayaguez Hilton, Jamee wears a floral-printed romper swimsuit by Bill Bliss for Rosanne. It is \$40 at Bonwit Teller, New York, Marshall Field, Chicago. The colorful jeans outfit, scarf and braided headband worn by Vicky Howard facing this page of color are by Sant'Angelo. The pants and bra top are \$100. The brown swimsuit worn by Erin Gray in the whirlpool was designed by Oscar de La Renta for Fantasy. It is \$40 at Neiman-Marcus and at John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. On the following page Erin and Jamee wear Sant'Angelo outfits. Erin's patchwork jacket and top are \$100, her pants are also \$100, as is Jamee's Acrilan knit outfit. On the same page, Vicky Howard wears a pink midloth by Rosanne of 84% nylon and 16% spandex. It is \$40 at Marshall Field, Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati. Facing them, Vicky sails in a wet-look jumpsuit by Elaine Brandt for Gino. It is \$75 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Miami. Erin Gray, on the following page, wears a metallic swimsuit by Sant'Angelo. It is \$90.

END



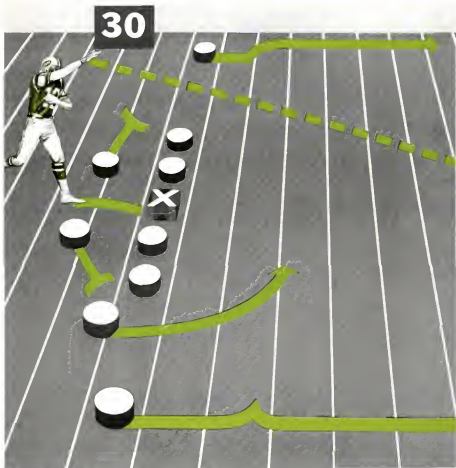
t sunset by the Mayaguez Hilton swimming

pool Erin shimmers in aluminum mesh Giorgio Sant'Angelo's creation covers Erin fully in front. The back consists mainly of thin straps

# A GO PATTERN vs. A STOP TEAM

If the New York Jets have any hope of penetrating the rugged Baltimore Colt defense in the Super Bowl, Joe Namath must succeed with passes to receivers like Don Maynard by **TEX MAULE**

The pro football championship of the world was rather definitely decided on a mushy field in Cleveland on Dec. 29 when the Baltimore Colts crushed the Browns 34-0 for the NFL title, but the Colts will have to ratify that claim in Miami this Sunday when they play the New York Jets, AFL champions, in the third annual Super Bowl. In the first two Super Bowls the Green Bay Packers methodically destroyed the Kansas City Chiefs (35-10) and the Oakland



Raiders (33-14) The AFL representative improved by four points in the second game, but it is most unlikely that this explosive growth will continue this year.

The major reason it won't is Baltimore's magnificent defense.

"Offense sells tickets, but defense wins championships," a coach said not long ago, and Baltimore has what may well be pro football's best defense of the last decade. Against more polished, more cohesive offenses overall than those in the

AFL, the Colts allowed only 144 points in 14 regular-season games, and a total of 158 for the entire year, including the conference playoff and the championship game. The Jets, on the other hand, gave up nearly twice as many points in regular-season play, 280. They scored 419 to Baltimore's 402.

What small chance the Jets do have of defeating the Colts rests upon the talented arm of Joe Namath. Namath is an excellent quarterback, with a quick

release, a strong, accurate arm and the ability to locate second and third receivers when his primary target is covered. In the AFL, when he is given time, he is phenomenal. But against the bustling pass rush of the Colts, he may not get the requisite three to four seconds to find his very good receivers.

He has three of them. George Sauer, Don Maynard and Pete Lammons are all blessed with good hands, good moves and rare speed. Along with the Jet offensive line and Namath, they hold the key to the Jets' minimal chances. Namath and Maynard combined on a 52-yard pass play to set up a Namath-to-Maynard pass for the winning touchdown in the Jets' victory over the Raiders, and it is plays such as this that Baltimore must stop.

The pattern Namath used against Oakland for the bomb was something the Jets call a "go" pattern. The Colts, incidentally, have much the same set and used it often and successfully against Cleveland. It is called a "wing-right opposite" and, like the "go" pattern, it places both wide receivers to the wide side of the field, hoping to force the defense into man-to-man coverage.

"I would get Maynard in this set," said Bobby Boyd, the All-Pro cornerback of the Colts, as he looked over a diagram of the play last week. "Of course, we could be in a number of different defenses—blitz, straight 4-3, weak-side zone or a strong-side zone. In any case, I would play Maynard normal, or about eight yards off."

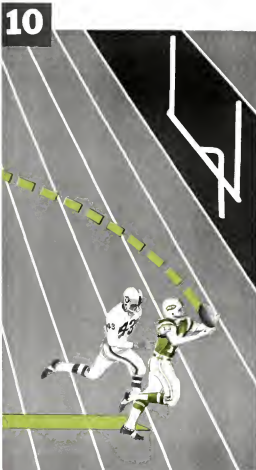
In a blitz or straight man-to-man, Boyd would protect the deep area, where Maynard caught the long pass on rookie Defensive Back George Atkinson. Running the pattern against Oakland, Maynard faked toward the middle as he began his route, then took off.

"I certainly wouldn't commit myself on the fake unless I was sure the quarterback had thrown the ball," Boyd said. "I have to watch the quarterback as well as the man I'm guarding and I wouldn't take that kind of chance unless he was already rid of the ball. I'd

*continued*

**THE GO PATTERN** of the Jets has Don Maynard split wide to the right, with George Sauer in the slot. Pete Lammons is set out to the left. Against Oakland, Maynard gave the Raider defender a shoulder fake, then sprinted downfield to gather in pass that set up winning touchdown.

DIAGRAM BY DON WOOD AND ROBERT MARSHALL





BATTLE FOR THE BALL in the Super Bowl will go left: elusive receiver, Don Maynard, against Colts' outstanding, cornerback Bobby Boyd



have to be certain it wasn't just a pump."

On man-to-man coverage, Boyd said he likes to funnel the receiver to the inside where there is apt to be help. In the Colts' zones Boyd gets help either from Mike Curtis shallow or from the strong safety, Rick Volk, deep.

From watching Maynard on television, Boyd admires him. He knows what he is doing. "Boyd said. He reads defenses very well. He and Namath seem to have every pattern timed, like Jimmy Orr and Earl Morrall."

In evaluations of the two teams, most experts—for unadmittable reasons, have conceded the Jets an edge at quarterback. Both Namath and Morrall were selected Most Valuable in their leagues, but Namath certainly can claim no clear-cut superiority over Morrall.

Morrall finished first in the NFL, Namath third in the AFL. Namath threw 380 passes, completed 187 for a 49.2 percentage, 3,147 yards, 15 touchdowns and 17 interceptions. Morrall threw 317 passes, completed 182 for a completion average of 57.4, 2,909 yards, 29 touchdowns and 17 interceptions. His receivers—Jimmy Orr, Ray Perkins, Willie Richardson and John Mackey—are in every position as good or better than Namath's and his offensive line gives him good time to throw. So does Namath's, but the Jet offensive line may find the Baltimore front four more difficult to handle than AFL front fours.

Given a much better secondary than the Jets, better linebackers, a better defensive line and a more cohesive defense, the Colts could win with only an adequate offense. But their offense is far more than that, as the Jets are likely to discover.

As usual, the AFL players base part of their hopes for victory on the rather tenuous claim that, since football is a game of emotion, they will outemotion the NFL. But Las Vegas bookmakers, a group not known for emotional display, figure the Colts to be 17 points better than the Jets, which is probably conservative, though the Jets themselves disagree.

"I don't think any team in pro football can be called a 17-point underdog, especially in the Super Bowl," says Larry Grantham, underdoggedly Grantham, a 200-pound corner linebacker who calls defensive signals for the Jets, is faced with the unpleasant prospect of meeting the rugged Colt running attack

and containing pro football's best tight end, 220-pound John Mackey, at the line of scrimmage. Football is an emotional game, and the Super Bowl is the most emotional game of all."

Herein is the false premise which has been as much as anything, at the root of the optimistic reasoning of AFL adherents. In any emotional match-up, the Colts must be given the edge, and the reason is simple. Because the AFL had to compete with the NFL for the best of the college seniors during the first five years of its existence a kind of natural selection worked against the new league's acquisition of players with the self-confidence and desire to excel against the best. Time and again the two leagues met head on in competition for the services of a college star. More often than not, the money offered by the two leagues was about the same. The player who chose the NFL team did so for the same reason that O.J. Simpson recently gave for not wanting to play for the Buffalo Bills, who will have first shot at drafting him.

"I just prefer the NFL," O.J. said. "I'm from an NFL city, San Francisco, and I grew up following the NFL. I'm kind of brainwashed, I guess. I know the AFL will be as good as the NFL in a few years, but I still feel the NFL is stronger and I want to play with the best."

The rest of the AFL players in those formative years came over from the NFL. They were mostly athletes who preferred to switch rather than fight for their positions in the NFL.

This situation, of course, no longer applies. With the common draft of the last two years, the AFL is getting its share of the truly competitive, gun-ho athletes and it will soon achieve parity with the NFL. But that parity has not yet been reached, and the Colts should demonstrate this with an authority that may shock Jets' fans. The Colts want to win even more badly than did the Packers of 1968. That was a team that had won three NFL championships and one easy Super Bowl victory and it was sated with success.

This is the hungriest team I ever saw," said Mackey after the victory over Cleveland. "And we're still hungry. Real hungry. Undoubtedly, the Jets are also hungry. But, as was the case with the midjet at the board-in-house table, their hunger may well exceed their reach."

END



"Here I am in New York," said **Elvis Hayes**, "and some guy I never saw before is on his feet waving my old school jersey. We were playing the Knicks and I looked up during the game and there is this guy in the stands holding up my old University of Houston jersey. You know, No. 44." The guy came down to the floor after the game and asked Hayes to sign the garment in question. Unfortunately, Hayes did not ask for the fan's autograph in return—he would have had the name of the first thief at work in the Basketball Hall of Fame, the man who stole the shirt right off the back of the mannequin of Elvis Hayes.

★ On New Year's Day **Sandy Koufax** and **Anne Heath Widmark** were married quietly in a civil ceremony at the home of the bride, whose father is Actor **Richard Widmark**. A man of some reserve, Koufax was not available for comment after the announcement of his engagement nor after the wedding, but

why he chose Miss Widmark is no mystery. Having evaded the pursuit of young women for years, last June Sandy was forced to introduce himself to Anne at Malibu Beach—she had no idea who he was.

**Tom Haverstock**, tackle on Michigan's 1965 Rose Bowl team, boarded Allegheny Airlines flight 736 on Christmas Eve en route home to Harrisburg, Pa. for the holidays. Three miles short of the runway of the Bradford-McKean Airport in northwestern Pennsylvania, the plane went down and 20 of the 47 passengers died. "When the plane came to a halt I was strapped upside down in my seat," Haverstock said later. "I unhooked the seat belt and fell down. When I got up I pulled out a lady behind me, right through a hole in the plane." Haverstock then led a group which pulled 17 more survivors from the wreckage and kept them warm by successfully kindling fires, though the snow was two feet deep and the weather so cold one passenger froze to death before he could be helped from the plane. Haverstock was later taken to a Kane, Pa. hospital, not a festive place to spend Christmas Eve, but he was grateful to be there.

**Connie Dinkler**, owner of the Palm Bay Club, took Actor **Hugh O'Brien**, **Sonny Werblin**, **Eddie Arcaro** and **Tiny Tim** to the Orange Bowl game where, he says, some 15,000 people mobbed Tim. But Tim's mind was elsewhere. "I'm very worried about the Maple Leafs," he said. "They're in fourth place and I'm afraid they're going to be in trouble this year. I still don't believe they have that Clutch Kennedy who always comes through." As to the Orange Bowl game, Tim was more vague. "Just so wonderful and colorful," he did say, "but I don't know too much about



football. Mr. Ken Avery of the Giants was telling me how rough it can be—he makes it sound as if it's sometimes rougher than being on stage!"

◆ East and West, in the persons of Miss **Aracée Leonphorn** and Mr. **Rod Gilbert**, have met and now propose to remain together until death do them part. Miss Leonphorn came from Bangkok, Thailand, to study at Columbia University in Manhattan, and about two years ago a photograph of Ranger Hockey Star **Gilbert** on the cover of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** took her fancy. Aracée investigated, discovered a Rangers Fan Club, attended a meeting, met Rod and took his fancy. "The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," perhaps, but the schemes of the ladies gang aft exactly as planned.

Another football player who put in some cold and imperiled moments during the holidays was **Dave Szymakowski**, a rookie flanker for the Saints. Szymakowski was visiting a friend, Kenneth Noonan, and the two young men were taking pictures of the sea off Magnolia, Mass.

"I wanted to show him the sights," Noonan said. One of the sights he failed to point out in time was an oncoming 30-foot wave. Noonan scrambled to safety, but Szymakowski was swept out to sea, where he struggled desperately for half an hour before the Coast Guard picked him up. "All I could think of was that I was going to die," he said later, and indeed he would have, the Coast Guard observed, had he not been in such excellent physical condition.

Looking through his closet the other day, **Doug Sanders**, of all people, found he didn't have a thing to wear. Sanders is at present engaged in writing a five-part series of articles for one of the women's magazines on proper golfing apparel for both men and women, but on this occasion he was going deer hunting in central Texas. "For the first time in my memory," he confided, "I went downtown and bought some slacks off the rack, some \$8 jeans." What a comedown! On Sanders' last hunt he wore moose slacks, an alpaca sweater and alligator loafers.

**Dr. Denton Cooley** of Houston, who has performed 16 heart transplants, was voted Man of the Year in Texas by an overwhelming majority, but he is still not quite famous enough. While accepting the award, Dr. Cooley—an avid sports fan—recalled the Texas-Houston game last season, when a woman sitting nearby fainted. Dr. Cooley went to her aid and found her in no serious difficulty, but when the woman came to she said, "Young man, can you get me a doctor?" Cooley said that he was a doctor and gave her his name. She didn't believe him. "Her husband was right on watching the football game," Cooley said, "and I missed the entire third quarter." Muttering a few Hippocratic oaths, no doubt.



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**GM Adjustable Steering Wheel**

## A three-way sprint to professional track

As soon as the Olympic Games were over, rival Los Angeles promoters began signing America's best track men, much to the chagrin of the amateur establishment. Now, four athletes have yet a third group going

As he came home from the Olympics, Hammer Thrower Hal Connolly, one of track and field's most respected elder statesmen, had a troubled mind. The official reaction in Mexico City to the celebrated black-glove incident had upset him; so had the scandal rumors involving payments to U.S. athletes by shoe companies. Now, on Oct. 29, a telephone caller gave him something else to ponder: Had amateurism run its course? Was the U.S. finally ready for professional track?

The caller was Al Schallau, 26, an inventive, enterprising Los Angeles attorney. "At first Connolly said I didn't have a chance," said Schallau, "but soon he was extremely enthusiastic."

Unknown to Schallau in those embryonic stages, a pro track movement already was well under way in Los Angeles, also headed by young lawyers, Jerry Sherman and Mike Heaman, both 29, who had begun doing research on pro track while they were in law school three years earlier. Enlisting the financial aid and advice of Jerry Sherman's cousin, Sid Sherman, 42, they devised what they felt would be a successful plan but delayed action until after the Olympics.

The Sherman group felt that 1) emphasis on individual competition would not be marketable in pro track, and 2) track fans were both bored by long races and confused by track's traditional "three-ring circus" format. So they decided to try a track league, sort of like pro baseball, with the emphasis on streamlined dual-team meets (14 events, each run separately, with no races longer than a mile, only four field events and instant electronic scoring devices). In theory, fans would be more turned on by, say, Portland rallying in the last few events to beat Boston than by the individual brilliance of a Ryan, Beamon or Seagren. "We're creating a whole new industry," said Jerry Sherman.

Officially announcing itself on Nov.

18, the Sherman group was not really worried about signing athletes or interesting the public. Top athletes like Ed Caruthers, Mel Pender and Tom Farrell had at least tacitly accepted their proposed terms: a straight \$10,000 per year plus prize money for three dual meets each weekend for 10 weeks, June through August. The problem boiled down to money—would private investors in 10 cities be willing to risk capital on a pro track franchise? Would TV come up with a fat contract to underwrite all the expenses, at least in the beginning? "Three television networks have expressed tremendous interest," said Jerry Sherman in December, "but we do not need television to finance our project. We are depending on our investors."

Meanwhile, Schallau had been making inroads into whatever early success the Shermans had achieved. By persuading

Connolly to join his cause, Schallau gained instant credibility among the athletes, a position he strengthened by adding three more athletes to his advisory board of directors: High Jumper John Thomas, Triple Jumper Art Walker and former Olympic 5,000-meter champ Bob Schul. "Athletes can talk with athletes," explained Schallau. "They had never heard of me. For all they knew I might be some shyster like all the other shysters in the world."

Schallau called his group the International Track and Field Association and modeled it more or less after the pro golf tour, using the traditional meet format. That is, a group of some 80 athletes would tour the country from March through August, staging both indoor and outdoor meets. Each athlete would receive a three-year contract for \$10,000 per year plus prize money. Schallau's meets would include all the customary events, staged in the "three-ring circus" manner, and electronic equipment also would be used to determine results instantly. With that, Schallau, too, plunged after investors and a fat TV contract.

Now the entire track and field community was in an uproar. The NCAA was afraid the pros would ruin the college ranks; the AAU stood to lose most of its top track stars in one swoop; everyone was worried about how pro track would affect our 1972 Olympic team. "Pro track will definitely hurt our future Olympic teams," said Stan Wright, coach at Western Illinois and an Olympic assistant last fall. "Young athletes who come from deprived backgrounds, mainly Negroes, aren't going to wait for the Olympics. If someone waves money at them, they're going to jump at it, and who can blame them?"

The athletes themselves generally refused to say whether they had signed pro contracts. One Olympian kept his signed contract in his own bank vault so that he could destroy it if his pro-



BOB SCHUL, gold medalist in the 5,000 meters at Tokyo, is top man in newest group.





AL SCHALLAU (LEFT) IS MODELING HIS GROUP AFTER THE PRO GOLF TOUR, WHILE JERRY AND SID SHERMAN PROPOSE A LEAGUE SETUP

jected employer, Schallau's group, went under. Almost unanimously, however, the athletes, especially black athletes, publicly favored the principle of pro track.

"I feel the amateurs are out of date," said Tommie Smith, Olympic 200-meter gold medalist. "Everybody is turning pro in one way or another. If track turns pro, it gives the athletes what they deserve." Connolly pointed out that pro track should at least help curb shamateurism. "Right now there are plenty of under-the-table payments from promoters, commercials, shoe companies," he said. "Pro track would stop all that." Long Jumper Ralph Boston said pro track also would end "that stupid argument between the NCAA and the AAU. Everybody is going to be funneled out of the AAU into pro track, and there is not going to be any need for the damn AAU anymore."

While these skeletons were being pulled from track and field's closet, the rival groups descended on New York to court the TV networks. Each had prepared for the worst, carefully putting in public disclaimers that TV was not essential for survival. Privately, however, even pro track's most enthusiastic supporters said that a TV contract meant the difference between life and death. "If either group tries to make it without TV backing," said Connolly, "it is doomed."

NBC turned both groups down flat, ostensibly because it had a full quota of

sport. ABC and Sports Network each adopted a "show-me" attitude: if either group could get off the ground, they would consider showing a couple of meets this year and discussing a bigger deal for '70. That boiled it down to CBS, where the behind-the-scenes wheeling and dealing resembled a political convention. Along with the two pro track ideas, CBS executives were considering a proposal from the AAU: one meet every weekend from May 18 through Aug. 31, half from America and half from Europe, including the national AAU championships in June and a triangular meet among the U.S., Russia and British Commonwealth in July.

"If they took the AAU offer, I'd be a little perturbed," said Schallau, "but they would be televising a bunch of minor-league extravaganzas, because we've got everybody who is anybody." Of the two pro groups CBS actually gave the Sherman plan more serious consideration, but when it came time to put up hard cash CBS announced on Dec. 18 that it was going with the AAU.

If the pro groups were on the ropes, they didn't show it, at least outwardly. In their new offices on Ventura Boulevard in Encino, Calif., the Sherman people continued to seek investors for their proposed franchises and planned a draft of athletes in late February or early March. "I don't think anything is any different," Sid Sherman said.

Perhaps not, but they were drastically different in the rival camp. While Schallau

was talking about holding a meet in the AstroDome, his board of athletic advisers—Schul, Thomas, Connolly and Walker—had become so disenchanted that they boiled to form still a third pro group. "We came to realize that this fellow wasn't really interested in our ideas," Connolly said. "He wouldn't listen to us, so we had no alternative."

By New Year's Day the schism was complete. The Schul group was patterned after Schallau's pro-golf-tour plan, the major exception being the introduction of profit sharing for the athletes. In addition to his salary an athlete would be awarded performance points on a 5-4-3-2-1 basis. At the end of the season, after the investors had taken their cut, the athletes would be given a percentage of the profits in proportion to their point totals. Schul's explanation had a familiar ring: "Our plan is based on what amateur meets now make. Even if we have mediocre crowds, we can break even. Under this plan we don't need TV now."

Thus, there are three groups at the moment, each seeking athletes, money and credibility. The coming weeks will be filled with confusion, controversy and deal upon deal. Now that TV is at least temporarily out of the picture, the survival of pro track will depend on the simple question of whether or not the public wants it. While the athletes are hopeful, they are also skeptical. "America loves the Olympic Games," says decathlon winner Bill Toomey, "but not track and field."

END

## Gabriel and Owensboro blow their horns

The Kentucky town has a remarkable motor inn, Kentucky Wesleyan and budding civic pride. Unbeaten in 29 games, the Panthers ventured 35 miles away to Evansville and—horrors—lost, but they will be back

From the top of Gabe's Motor Inn, a man can see all of Owensboro, Ky. To the north are the distilleries on the yellow banks of the Ohio River basin. To the south are industrial plants and the country club. Roads from Owensboro lead off to Louisville and Nashville and, of course, Evansville, until recently the absolute mecca of small-college basketball.

Gabe's is a cylindrical motor inn of considerable bulk and garishness, which has outside walls of green, orange and yellow and, 13 stories up, a roof garden with a heated indoor swimming pool. Down below are Gabe's Restaurant (seating capacity, 1,000) and Gabriel Faorella himself, in red blazer and string tie. A few local gentry regard the motor inn as somewhat of a psychedelic silo, but Gabe, who says "Hi, neighbor, it's a wonderful world" a lot, loves the place and says so unabashedly. Nevertheless, his is not the only game in town.

Three years ago Kentucky Wesleyan, a small liberal arts college that was moved to Owensboro by the Methodist Church in 1951, won 24 basketball games and upset Southern Illinois for the NCAA College Division championship. The following year the Panthers won 25 and finished third in the same tournament. Last season Wesleyan compiled a record of 28-3, won 21 straight games and captured the NCAA title again.

Until a sudden 71-70 loss last Saturday night in the hothouse emporium of arch-rival Evansville, the Panthers had won eight more this year for the longest winning streak in college basketball (29 games) and, in spite of their one-point defeat on a court where visitors seldom are able to think, much less to shoot, they had given ample proof of why they are considered the best small-college team in America. Kentucky Wesleyan is a reasonable early-line choice to win its third championship in four years and, for the time being at least, the team has moved the capital of col-

lege division play from Evansville to Owensboro, just 35 miles southeast on the Ohio River.

The transfer of power has come rather suddenly, but permanent domination would be a mistaken assumption. "For a few years Evansville was able to come up with one or two big stars who controlled the game. Everybody else hung around, hoping," says Kentucky Wesleyan Coach Bob Daniels. "Now, we've been getting the stars."

The two teams always play each other tight, as evidenced by the game Saturday in which the home-town Aces, a far cry from the talented precision groups of old, took a six-point lead at the half, fell apart late in the game and then came from behind to win on Ron Bae's shot with six seconds left. Due to some scheduling lunacy, Wesleyan had come into the game after a damaging two-week break, and the team looked listless and unimaginative. Its best player, George (The Hat) Tinsley, had 17 points and 20 rebounds, while Center Dick O'Neill played capably, but Evansville's fine shooter, Mike Owens, with 23 points, hurt the Panthers. Then Bae, who had scored just 19 baskets all year, banished them. Tinsley's desperation 30-footer hit the back of the rim and bounced away as the buzzer sounded, and the winning streak was over.

As is the case with most of the schools in the college division, Kentucky Wesleyan, with its enrollment of 885 full-time students and its freshman-eligible rule, is an attraction for prospects who prefer a small-college atmosphere and wish to earn varsity playing time immediately. The teams at Owensboro have always been respectable: in 1964 freshman Mike Redd, who had played with Westley Unseld at Seneca High School in Louisville, led the Panthers to a 16-8 year. Redd then flunked out of school, and Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics is looking for him still. It was the following year, however, that then-coach

Guy Strong began achieving results with his pipeline to another school in Louisville, Male High. Strong, who had previously coached at Male, recruited Dallas (Dazzling D) Thornton, and for three years thereafter at least one good player from Male arrived at Wesleyan to mingle with the Dazzle, Tinsley included.

Before the Panthers became so successful, Owensboro was thrifty with any favors, particularly attendance. "People didn't know we were good, and we had really to push to show the product," says Publicist James Elkins. Wesleyan staged many gimmick "nights"—autograph night, poster night, two-for-one night—to fill the 7,000-seat downtown Sportscenter.

Interest has advanced so rapidly that now Wesleyan distributes schedule cards, schedule holders and place mats with all the players' pictures and autographs in the number of 75,000 each. The population of Owensboro is 55,000. "We have to go out of town with these," says Elkins. Moreover, the publicist has been disposed to print a 12-page basketball prospectus in the middle of the summer, not to mention what might be the largest game program in the land (44 pages, five colors, 25¢). "I guess we've made some strides with success," says Elkins, somewhat bashfully. Nonetheless, activities at the Sportscenter have not forsaken the bizarre; already this season halftime shows have included everything from square dances to karate.

This year the Wesleyan team is long on shooting, defense, speed and depth. Unfortunately, most of its size is on the coaching staff. Daniels, at 6'6", 230 pounds, and assistant Bob Jones, who is 6'5", 260, tower over most of their players and would be a good tag team bout for anybody. Center O'Neill, for instance, is a 6'6½", 180-pounder who came to Wesleyan without a scholarship and who appreciates lines like, "If O'Neill turned sideways and stuck out his tongue he'd look like a zipper." The Stick, as

O'Neill is called, doesn't score much and has one knee full of torn cartilage, but his arm span is over seven feet, enabling him to play tough defense and get lots of rebounds.

Daniels starts Joel Bolden in the corner opposite the 6' 4" Tinsley and, at guard, alternates Eugene Smith, Steve Deskins and Tommy Hobgood ("the pride of Nebo, Ky., pop. 394"). But though there is bench strength with John Duncan and Jim Smith, both 6' 6", and with David Erwin, a good shooter whose 14 points beat Evansville last year, Wesleyan must have Tinsley at his best in order to operate efficiently.

In their biggest game of the season, a rematch of the 1968 college division final, the Panthers defeated Indiana State 73-69 in overtime as The Hat took over and scored 31 points. He is averaging 22 points and 14 rebounds but is probably most impressive on defense, where he usually manages to shut off the opposition's toughest man. In the 1966 NCAA final against SIU he held George McNeil to eight points. Last year in the title game he stopped Indiana State's Jerry Newsom with four. Most Wesleyan observers insist that were it not for an infected tooth that shackled Tinsley in a 1967 semifinal game the Panthers would have beaten Earl Monroe and Winston-Salem and would have won three straight national championships.

The Hat, who gave up hats when the natural haircut became the rage, is cultivating a thin Fu Manchu mustache now. In addition to his off-court activities of rock singing and clay sculpture, he is the first black to pledge Sigma Alpha Mu (Dave Bing's fraternity) at Wesleyan. Tinsley came to Owensboro on his defense and shot only 37% in his freshman year. "Coaches always said I couldn't shoot, but I didn't believe I was that bad," he says. "Then I got the message. Any man guarding me would fade way back when I got the ball. I mean he'd really wander off. I'd move in closer, right up to him, shoot . . . and miss everything. Now I'm better, I like offense, but I still remember it best when I stuff a man."

In March Kentucky Wesleyan will be back in Evansville to defend the NCAA title with George (The Hat) Tinsley. No college division player has ever started for three national champions, but no town has ever had a psychedelic silo with room service, either.

END



## The Home Team. Takes a cue from Brunswick.

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# Subterfuge on a Sylvan Rally

BY CLIVE GAMMON

**Y**ou still have an hour of light left," said Fred Travis, snapping out a hairy, muscular wrist and consulting the complex of dials held there by a steel-link strap.

"I thought I'd just . . ."

"Just time to get to the top of Irton Pike. You'll see the kind of country you'll be working in tomorrow! Pretty rough stuff, I think you'll agree, ha, ha, ha!" He got up from the easy chair, a big, heavy man with a crew cut, wearing tweeds and bugles. He herded me out of the warm, firelit parlor into the damp north of England afternoon.

After driving 300 miles over some of the worst roads in Western Europe outside Spain, I felt that a scramble up Irton Pike was not on my immediate program. But Travis was standing on his doorstep looking like a combination of

Kamer war general and my old headmaster, so I fumbled in my car for a map and brought it over to him. A broad forefinger blotted out a good square mile of the Cumberland countryside, and at its tip I could see steeply sloping forested land indicated. Irton Pike, nearly 1,000 feet high, sat in the middle. Also, as I now observed with a sharp pang of relief, it was straddled by a small road.

"See you in the morning, then," said Travis. I managed to stop myself from saluting him and drove smartly off for the hills. Beautiful hills certainly, heavily ferned and wooded, intersected by vivid little trout streams and broken by limestone outcrops, but I could see the hills only as obstacles to be crossed, and daunting obstacles, at that. The road ran over stone bridges, doubled around

*Continued*





harpin bends, then shot upward. In low gear I crawled to the top of the pike. There was a small clearing among the pines at the summit, and a grayish-red stone stood there, with an inscription difficult to read for lichen. I could make it out, though. It read:

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM MALKINSON  
LOCAL WESLEYAN PREACHER  
DIED HERE SUDDENLY  
SUNDAY FEBRUARY 21ST 1886

\*\*\*  
BE YE ALSO READY

Malkinson couldn't have been less ready than I was, in any sense of the word. A few weeks ago, gaily enough, I had said I would try it. Orienteering, that is.

"A new and fascinating sport," enthused the handbook. "Makes the most satisfying demands on your energy and initiative. . . . Guided by a map and directed by a compass, the competitor in an orienteering race is cocooned in an aura of utter concentration as he makes his way across country. . . . For some two hours the mind rationalizes the body's progress resulting in a complete and rewarding experience."

It sounded more like an LSD trip than an athletic event. But it clearly had its attractions. Even old ladies could com-

pete, according to one authority, though my research seemed to show that the British events at least tended to be won by people like Roger Bannister (first four-minute miler), Christopher Brasher (gold medal steeplechaser at Melbourne, 1956) and Gordon Pirie (ex-world record holder, 3,000 and 5,000 meters and the six-mile run). The whole thing started in Sweden, away back in the 1920s, when a Major Ernst Killander decided that nobody was really using the northern forests for competitive sport. So he set running courses right through the woods, courses that necessitated the use of compass and large-scale map if you wanted to reach the finish line. To begin with, running ability was more important than pure navigation, but the balance gradually shifted. By 1938, when the Swedish Orienteering Association was formed to standardize the sport, map-reading ability had become the most important skill involved. In 1942 orienteering became a compulsory subject in Swedish schools. At the present moment it is easily Sweden's most popular outdoor sport, apart from the one that the Swedes make all their films about. In the 1948 Olympics, you may recall, Scandinavian runners dominated the middle-distance track events. But only a year later Gos-

ta Holma, the Swedish national coach, was heard to complain that the whole future of middle-distance running in Sweden was threatened by the emergence of orienteering. Young men, it seemed, preferred to run through forests rather than along tracks.

Meanwhile the sport spread fast through Western Europe, reaching Britain in 1963 and me some five years later.

Theoretically, orienteering is simple. It is car rallying on foot, as John Duxley puts it in his standard work, *Orienteering* (London, 1967), but with one individual being the driver, navigator and power plant as well. The organizers choose a rough tract of ground, preferably with plenty of features such as streams, hills, forests and rock outcrops. They plot a course around it, with a number of control checkpoints situated en route. Competitors start at one-minute intervals, and the winner is the man who completes the course in the shortest time, having checked in at every control.

Naturally, though, it isn't as easy as it sounds. The control points are tucked away behind boulders, in deep woodland or in thick bracken. The only rule is that the red-and-white plastic indicators that mark them must be visible inside a 10-yard circumference. There is no standard length of course. A novice's circuit may cover two or three miles and that of a senior event may be 15 or even 20 miles long. The controls may be a thousand yards or a mile apart and separated by imposing natural obstacles, so it becomes a vital decision whether to scramble up a hillside on a direct route or take the easier, longer track around its base. The easiest thing of all is to get lost.

You are allowed certain aids. They tell you to bring along a red ballpoint pen, a thick plastic envelope and a Silva compass. They provide you with a large-scale map of the area, a check-in card and a typewritten list briefly describing the control points such as "Turn in Track" or "The Boulder in Hedge," plus a six-figure map scale. The plastic envelope is to protect your map against rain, mud and, I suspect, bloodstains. The Silva compass is a special Swedish one incorporating a protractor, so that

When you exert energy what do you use up? Answer  
calories. Where do calories come from? Food



if you have a degree in mathematics you can plot your route.

When they call your name and you leave the starting point, you are directed, with no complications, to the master map area. There, pinned up on boards, are maps identical with yours but having the control points and direct routes marked in red. You whip out your own red ballpoint and copy these details as accurately as you can. After that, you are on your own.

And, they say, old ladies can do it. In Sweden it's just a family Sunday outing. In 1963, 182,000 competitors started out on a single contest. Some of them, at least, must have been as ill-equipped physically and mentally as I was. They couldn't all have been ex-Olympic runners and Ph.D.s. So, with only a little gulping, I rang a Mr. Charnley, said to be the secretary of the English Orienteering Association. "What have you got on this weekend?" I inquired.

"There's one on at Reading," he said enthusiastically. "You'd enjoy that. It's a night event."

Thanks, but no, I told him. I had read all about night events in Disley: "After dark orienteering is a very sophisticated game indeed and demands a high level of skill for successful participation. . . . A pitch-dark night with lashing rain is a salutary experience for an adult." And you had to carry a whistle and a miter's headlamp.

"Well then," said Charnley, "we can do a schoolboys' event at Guildford, Surrey. . . ."

"That sounds just the. . . ."

"But of course you wouldn't be interested in that. No, the one you want is up in West Cumberland. A lot of the lads will be going up for that. It's going to be great fun!"

"Right you are, then?" I tried to match his jolly, extroverted tone. The last time I had run competitively was 25 years previously in the Swansea Grammar School cross-country run. It had not been a happy experience, since I had been caught alighting from the truck on which I had thumbed a ride and was then expertly beaten up by G. Satchell and S. Peters, two seniors who had a highly developed idea of what was sporting, but

only a rough sense of justice. Watch out, Peters and Satchell, I'm still on your trail.

Once committed to the Cumberland event, I sat back and thought. The navigation bit, first of all. I could get a Silva compass and read up on all that stuff ("Why has it got to be a *silver* compass?" asked my wife. "Weewolves," I told her). But the fitness thing was something else again. Disley recommends a program starting off with 30 minutes a day jogging, through interval running à la Emil Zatopek, to continuous running on a six-mile course, all of which, he says, develops the "capillarization" of the musculature, whatever that is. Well, clearly, with three days to go, I was going to have to do without all that. An entirely different crash-training routine was called for.

It wasn't long before the solution hit me. When you exert energy what do you use up? Answer: calories. What do you need a lot of, then? Calories. Where do calories come from? Food. Lots of good, rich food was the answer. I immediately set about making arrangements for my training program, replacing Disley's masochistic volume on the bookshelf and consulting an altogether different work.

The *Good Food Guide* has a deservedly high reputation in England. Unsubsidized by advertisers, it lists in its pages only the best eating places in the country. A high standard is needed to gain even a mention. But over and above this, it bestows a final accolade, the Good Food Award for High Distinction in Cuisine. Six establishments in London are so honored. In the rest of the country, only 10. Carefully I compared my route map with the guide. There it was, placed at a convenient halfway stage on my journey to Cumberland: The Elms Hotel, Abberley, an 18th century Queen Anne house outside a village in Worcestershire. "We have praised it continuously since 1954," said the guide. "Helpings are, if anything, too large. . . ." It slavered on about peaches in cream, curry sauce, stuffed pheasant, veal with Madeira sauce, ginger snow. . . . It was clear that I had found my training camp, even if it was only an overnight stop.

With no aid from my Silva compass I homed in on Abberley and The Elms Hotel, a haven of peace and rest among lawns and rose gardens. Upstairs, I unpacked my track suit, my new sneakers (recommended wear for orienteers) and my long woolen stockings ("protect the front of the lower leg against damage"—Disley), and put them all out of sight. Training my way was a civilized, gracious proceeding. Thoughtfully, I placed a paperback mystery on my bedside table. Complete relaxation of mind would also be necessary if I were to be satisfactorily cooched in an aura of utter concentration later on. In any case, I was going to bed early. Meanwhile I showered and put on my best suit, ready for the training session.

Loosening up must come first, I reckoned. I walked downstairs and was guided to the appropriate sector of the training ground by a neon sign that said, elegantly and simply, *BAR*. There was no sense, clearly, in rushing things. Two very dry Tio Pepe sherries spaced out over half an hour would make a gentele introduction. I sat discreetly at the end of the bar and tried to relax, but before very long my musing was interrupted by a man in tails with a menu. Evidently my coach had arrived. Together we thought out my program. As in all the best places to eat, The Elms offered only a very limited choice of main dishes. From it my coach and I selected roast squash à l'italienne (with tomatoes, garlic and a wine sauce). We flanked it with grapefruit baked in sherry and brown sugar as an hors d'oeuvre, and with chocolate meringue as a dessert. We considered, and finally added, a piece of blue-veined, very ripe Stilton to finish with. Then we turned to the wine list, a veritable treasury of calories. Two minds worked as one here. There could be no other choice than a half bottle—a half bottle only—of Geyrey-Chamberlain 1962.

Ninety minutes later, after a hard and exacting workout, I pushed my chair back, rose to my feet in stately fashion and moved with dignity into the hotel lounge for a final phasing-out with black coffee and one, or conceivably two, liqueurs. I was beginning to feel the aura

continued

forming now, so I made it two. A third became a possibility, but I put the idea firmly aside. No sense in overtraining. A gracious goodnight to my coach, and I went upstairs for a little mild intellectual exercise with Nero Wolfe.

In the morning, though I felt fine and was able to continue training with a light breakfast of lamb kidneys and pork sausage, a horrid doubt assailed me. Had I peaked too early? There was still a 300-mile drive and a night to spend in Cumberland before I faced the big challenge. Who could tell what the training conditions were going to be like that evening? I had already fixed my quarters, of course, and there was no alternative but to drive on and take my chance.

Training facilities in Cumberland proved to be a good deal more primitive than those at The Elms. On arrival, I had encountered the redoubtable Mr. Travis and made my car-borne pilgrimage to the summit of Irton Pike to view the arena. Then it was time to check in at the camp. A dentist sat in the bar drinking beer. He had never heard of orienteering or Mr. Travis, but, yes, he knew all about the Rev. William Malkinson. This gentleman had been in the habit, each Sunday morning after services, of striding up to the top of the pike. Finally, on Feb. 21, 1886, he had taken his last walk, expiring neatly at the very peak. Probably he had neglected to eat a good breakfast, I reasoned. In the few hours I had left I was not going to make the mistake of skimping on the final preparations. That evening I trained simply on steak and apple pie and took Disney on *Orienteering* to bed with me.

This was an error, and I would have done better to stick to Rex Stout. Instead of becoming cocooned in an aura, I found myself encountering whole areas of orienteering that I must have missed on the first reading. "To use," I read, "lay the romer parallel to the grid lines. . . ." A *what*? A *romer*? Frantically I flicked back to discover that you could obtain a romer at any car-rally-equipment shop. But not, presumably, in a village in West Cumberland at midnight. However, announced Disney triumphantly, you could make one. Yes, if you had

a 2-inch-by-2-inch square of thin, colored, transparent plastic and scratched upon it a latticework of lines joining up the individual 100 meter points to make 100 small squares. Anyway, all a romer did was to make it easy to calculate a six-figure reference on a 1:25,000 map. I forced the thought of romers out of my mind and turned over to sleep.

But somehow I could not sleep, or not well. Time and again I awoke muttering things like, "Each dash is one-tenth of a kilometer grid-square long," and "the representation on this map of a road, track or footpath is no evidence of the existence of a right of way. . . ." Horrifically, the Rev. Malkinson stalked my dreams, shouting about the wrath to come "Be ye also ready!"

In the morning I was fit for nothing. All my training had been in vain, for the sake of a little bedtime reading. I did what I could with a plate of Cumberland lamb chops and sautéed potatoes, but my edge was gone. With little heart for it, I packed my gear and took off for the rendezvous at Santon Bridge Village Hall.

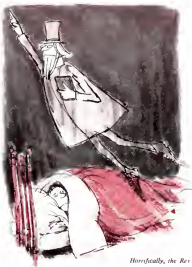
I found it all right, blithely swinging the car into what seemed to be the parking area. A curious concourse of people milled around there, tweedy women with loud, expensive voices and various breeds of fashionable dogs on leashes; more homely flustered ladies who ran around with lists or made elaborate preparations for brewing tea. There were men of all shapes and costume, some in little woolly sailing caps, some in football stockings, one, indeed, in running shorts. But dominating them were men of the Travis cut, great broad-shouldered North Countrymen in tweed breeches and brogues. One of them now approached me, inquiring whether or not I was illiterate and pointing at a NO PARKING sign. "Press," I said feebly. "Park at the foot of the hill," he rapped at me. Those orienteers certainly made things difficult for everybody. I went down and parked, then trudged back up to the village hall. There I saw Travis himself, getting everyone organized. He caught sight of me, and something clearly caused him to snicker slightly. "Gammoo," he said, "I've been thinking about you. I've put

you down to run in the junior ladies' class. Junior ladies and novices," he added, evidently feeling a little compunction. What about the old ladies, I thought. Wasn't there an old ladies' class?

"Is it O.K. if I change in the men's dressing room?" I threw back at him. I slipped inside the building, trying not to attract too much attention. Junior ladies? Well, at least no one could tell how I had been classified at the start. Competitors started at one-minute intervals, irrespective of class. As a matter of fact, I was one of the lucky ones, No. 6 away. The last competitor wouldn't leave for 75 minutes yet. As I lurked in the changing room, I heard my name being yelled. Hastily I checked my equipment—compass, red ballpoint pen, cigarettes and lighter. My name was bawled again, more impatiently, and I burst out, trying to look determined and intelligent, I made for the road, but I was called back in a resigned, prying tone and told to sit in a special chair and wait for the whistle. They handed me a photostat of the 1:25,000 map and a typed list of the control points with six-figure map references. This didn't give me much away, confining itself to terse descriptions such as "Rock Outcrop." The first one, though, was "Boulder in Hedge." That shouldn't take too much finding, I thought. I didn't know then just how rich this part of Cumberland was in hedge borders.

Then they blasted me off with the whistle. I had already decided that at this stage, in full view of the crowd, I was going to have to run. Clutching my documents in the plastic envelope provided, I moved off at a steady lope. All this first bit was downhill, and then you had to go through a field to a riverbank, where wooden benches had been set out and where the master maps were pinned up on a board. I found the junior ladies' map quickly. Without haste, I settled down to copy the red route lines onto my own map. According to Disney, "there are times in orienteering when it is best to make haste slowly"; in front of the master maps is just one of those times. I thought, moreover, that this would be the last chance I would have to rest, even though, as Disney adds,





*Horribly, the Rev. Mulhouson stalked my dreams shouting, "Be ye also ready!"*

"The watch-ticks are all counting and inefficiency on your behalf all adds seconds, minutes or even hours towards your total elapsed time." There were one or two others who were dallying over the maps, including, I noted, a heavily built girl in a russet track suit. Clearly this was one of the junior ladies. I looked at my rival with interest and saw with envy how efficiently she whipped out her compass, found the direction of travel and set off into the woods. I noted, too, the exact place where she entered the thick brush. I had a lot more faith in her map-reading ability than in my own.

I did my stuff, however, just as in the textbook, lining up the edge of the protractor compass on the map in the direction of travel, then orienting the compass with the grid lines, then allowing for magnetic variation, then turning the compass horizontally until the red end of the needle pointed to north. All I had to do then was to follow the travel arrow, which should take me to Check-point 1: Boulder in Hedge.

The only trouble was that it was point-

ing straight back the way I had come. To Santon Bridge. That *couldn't* be right. I turned back to the master map area, but already a queue was forming. I had no alternative but to go out into the woods and think it out. Actually, once you parted the curtain of foliage there was a clear-cut path. The mud showed a fresh trail, I sneaked along this cautiously, trying to find a feature that might be included in the map, but nothing appeared. All it said was "Mill-place Coppice"—an area of trees that covered a good many acres. I found a good stump, all covered in soft moss, and there I sat, lit a Gauloise and considered the situation. Obviously it was going to be too humiliating to go back to the village hall and confess failure so soon. But all my clothes were there. Maybe if I waited until it was very late. . . . No, that was no solution, either. "You have to hand in your card by 4.10," Trav- is had said to me. "Otherwise we send search parties out. And that means you're blacklisted by every club in the country." The latter fate did not alarm me, but the possibly ugly scene did.

On the credit side, I was happy to find that no signs of physical fatigue had yet appeared. I had traveled a good 400 yards and my caloric policy was paying off. I ground my cigarette thoughtfully into the mud and considered once again my next move. Then I pricked up my ears. You could tell I was already becoming a forest creature. There came a noise of a heavy body lumbering through the undergrowth and the sound of labored breathing. Like the flight of some exotic jungle bird, a patch of russet flashed momentarily among the ferns. A junior lady and, from the breadth of the track suit, the one I had spotted at the master map area. I might not be able to use a Silva compass, but I could recognize and take advantage of a break when I saw one. I rose and began a circumspect job of shadowing. The subject, fortunately, was not moving at high speed. Enthusiasm was her strong point, not finesse, and she bulldozed her way through the bracken. I took advantage of the path she was creating, holding out my compass for form's sake in case anybody was watching.

We moved steadily uphill. The woods, according to my reading of the map were due to fade out soon and give way to pasture land divided by dry-stone walls allowing very little cover for the pirate orienteer. I decided to wait at the edge of the trees and allow her to blaze across the fields, relying on my stored calories for a quick burst to catch up on her later.

Actually she gave me plenty of time for a quiet rest. I watched her cover a couple of hundred yards, then stop to consider. Then she was off again in short bursts, quartering the ground like a gun-dog. I waited until she had come to a clear decision, then set off after her, keeping low behind a wall. More forest awaited us. But first there was a gate—plentifully festooned in barbed wire—to be negotiated. From cover I watched her attempt it. You had to admire her spirit. She was a big girl, and she should have taken her time, but she went at it like an Olympic hurdler. Her takeoff was marred by a mudhole that cattle had churned up. Fascinated, I saw her teeter at the top, anchored there by the wire

*continued*

that had seized hold of the slack of her track suit.

Should I go to her and like a gentleman? What would Fred Travis have done? "In orienteering you're on your own," I could hear him say, "just you and the forest." It grieved me to watch, and as painfully she went into reverse and gingerly reached around and freed herself. But she wouldn't thank me, would she, if by my assistance she took the junior ladies' trophy? Not if she were a true orienteer.

And she was that, all right. She ripped into the woods again, and now I could close the range. I was picking up distinct audio signals—heavy breathing and panting—as well as the visual one of the track-suit bottom. Then she disappeared behind a tree and stopped. Something was happening. I froze and awaited events. Perhaps a 30-second pause ensued, then she was off again like a wild thing. I gave her a few seconds' start, then made for the tree myself and peered behind it. It was there all right. Control Point No. 1, Boulder in Hedge. A small raised bank ran behind the tree, and there hung the control marker over a boulder, a red-and-white plastic thing like a box kite. It was like Christmas morning as a child, going downstairs and finding the lighted tree. I peered over my shoulder the way I had come, in time to see two professional-looking runners—bedaubed in mud, compasses in hand—coming up fast. Hastily I marked my card with the self-inking stamp and melted into the foliage. Let them find their own russet track suit.

I had lost some time, though, and now my guide was out of sight and hearing. It looked as if I was going to have to return to legitimate orienteering and use the compass again. I got out my map and went through the drill. This time the direction looked as if it could conceivably be right. In any case, the brief description was: "The Ruin." I could hardly miss that, could I?

There was some rough uphill work to begin with, and I realized how wise I had been to attend so strictly to training. A measured walk did nothing worse than bring me out in a slight sweat and cause me to open my collar a little more.

At the top, I didn't pant for more than a moment or two, and I felt entitled to a short rest and another Gauloise before scaling a stone wall that cut across my appointed course.

Then, clutching my compass as if it were a talisman, I levered myself up over the rough limestone blocks and lay on the top for a second or two before rolling off on the other side. Not stylish perhaps, but effective. Now there was clear country in view again, with small knolls of trees scattered about it. There were runners, too, moving about in different directions, apparently aimlessly. It was too chancy to select one of them and follow him. Probably he would be a senior man, and the control points might be different. I checked again with the direction-of-travel indicator on my compass. It pointed to a small copse that looked promising, and I lurched toward it. The Ruin turned out to be the easiest of the lot. It was just on the other side of the trees, which screened it from the wall, and it seemed to me to be an old sheep pen. Cheating a little to call it a ruin, I thought, and I realized I'd been looking for something like a Gothic castle. I'd have to have a word with old Fred Travis on the subject of semantics when I got back. With the now familiar thrill, I found the red-and-white marker hung on the far side and stamped my card with some elan.

Next was Checkpoint No. 3: Rock Outcrop. I took the map from the plastic case, and fumbled for my compass. No compass. I had started off with the thing hung around my neck on a cord, in the approved manner, but it had been irritating, bouncing there, so I had decided just to carry it. Almost certainly I had left it on top of the stone wall when I had spotted the copse. Should I go back? It was a quarter of a mile and uphill all the way. Should I waste time and precious calories? No, I decided bravely. The map would have to take me from here on, that and my squalid disregard for the ethics of orienteering. But Russet Pants was nowhere to be seen, and without that banner advancing in front of me I was just fumbling.

The map plainly indicated, though, that I was going to have to cross the

main road before I came to Checkpoint 3, so I moved off with that limited objective in mind. It was easy going over grass for a little while, then the country dipped down into woodland again. At the bottom of the valley there should be a small stream, then the road. ("We always make sure the route crosses a main road," Travis had said to me, "just in case there's anyone fainthearted enough to give up halfway.") I'd given him a hearty laugh, indicating what a remote possibility that was in my case. Now I wasn't so sure.

The road, when I found it, was a lovely one, well surfaced and civilized, the kind that has cars and buses on it, all proceeding without the aid of compasses. I lingered there for a little while, appreciating it and testing its fine, firm surface with my sneakers. Just conceivably I might have given in to temptation then, but I heard a panting runner coming, and I bent quickly over my map. It was too much to hope that it would be my junior lady, and it wasn't, just a senior man or maybe a veteran thrusting hard for his next checkpoint. Hopelessly, I gave him a second or two, then followed. The trouble was, the junior ladies' course was 2½ miles long. The senior men had to travel six miles. If I made an error here I was in for some severe punishment.

I plodded along the road behind him for 50 yards or so, not caring about concealment, then followed him back into the woods at a little bridge. The mud was thick, and once I went up to my knees in it. I was losing my early bounce, and I knew what the trouble was, too. It was lunchtime, and all over the north of England people were settling down to great plates of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. All that planning and I hadn't had the wit to bring a packet of sandwiches with me. No wonder I was flagging. What's more, I had lost my latest guide in the green shadows of the trees.

I sat down in the mud to think. There was probably some special term of derision for an orienteer who lost his compass. Could you sink lower than that? But in this last extremity I was saved by something that no orienteering or-

*continued*



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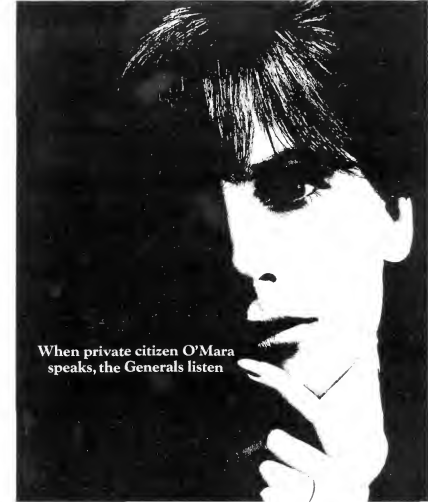


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## When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills better pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and you—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the goops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-

meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by too much choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not

Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plain nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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ganizer can ever legislate against the yelps and small cries of triumph that escape from the inexperienced runner when he finds a control point. This time half a dozen of them must have found it together, judging from the baying that went up not many yards from me.

New life surged in me. I leaped up, homed in on the noise and stamped my card. Three down, two to go. Next objective: Turn in Track. And this time I didn't intend to let my guides get out of sight. I didn't intend to bark, in fact, that is what they did. Somehow or other, one by one, they outpaced me on the muddy hillside and vanished in the trees. I kept going, though, in their general direction, hoping for the best. I slogged up the hill until the trees dwindled near the summit. Once again there was a panoramic view of rolling, fern-covered countryside, and I surveyed it, looking for some sign of a track that, sooner or later, was bound to have a turn in it.

There were dozens of tracks crisscrossing the slopes, all of them 12 or 18 inches wide. Travis' semantics at fault again. To me, a track is a path fit for humans. I set out in what I reckoned was the general direction of home, if you could call Santon Bridge Village Hall that. If I came across the control point, well and good. Otherwise it was just defeat for me, and I was ready to concede it. Old Russet Pants had probably romped home by this time anyway, with all the rest of the junior ladies.

If she hadn't moved suddenly I wouldn't have seen her, even though she was within 10 yards of the track I was following. There was good old flash again as she sat up in the ferns and eased herself into a more comfortable position. I went straight up to her.

"Could you tell me," I said politely, "where North is?" She didn't answer. She couldn't. Her mouth was full of food. There was a big, opened bag beside her. It was packed with sandwiches—*anu* calories. I came then, perhaps, as near as I have ever been to robbery with violence, but she forestalled this by indicating the bag with a civilized gesture. I took one. Beef.

When she could talk she said, "I don't



*On the official results you will see the entry: C. Gammon, unattached, retired*

think the senior men are supposed to come this way."

"I'm a junior lady," I confessed. She gave me a sharp look. "I'm just a novice," I explained, "so they put me in with the junior ladies."

"We're on our own, the two of us," she said, and it was my turn to look uneasy. "I mean, I'm the only real junior girl. It's just you and I on Course D."

"I lost my compass," I said.

That won me another sandwich.

"I know where Turn in Track is," she said, "you passed it."

"Do you mind if I . . . ?" I said.

"Not at all," she said. I took another sandwich. I was sorry now that I'd left her hanging on the wire.

"Wait a minute," I said, "I'll just nip up and stamp my card." This heavy, kindly girl raised no objection to a clear breach of the orienteering code. In a moment I rejoined her, rubbing my hands briskly. "Rock Outcrop. That's the last one, isn't it? You got a course on it?"

I could see my way clearly to winning the junior ladies' trophy now. Home on the last control point with Russet

Pants' aid, then make a break for the finish. She was too big a girl to be able to run fast and, besides, her glasses would probably steam up. She wrapped up her sandwiches and came slowly to her feet. "I suppose we'd better get on with it," she said. I was beginning to suspect that here also was a first-and-last-time orienteer.

Control Point 5 was easy, actually. It was open ground, and there was only one limestone crag in the general area. We got there together and searched around it. "Here it is," she called out trustingly.

In the last resort I just couldn't do it to her. I was going to have to throw the fight. "You go ahead," I said, and sat on the rock for a quiet Gauloise. I didn't stamp my card, but I walked easily back to Santon Bridge Village Hall—you could see it from Checkpoint 5—and conceded. Which is why, on the official results of the West Cumberland Orienteering Club, published later, you will see the entry: C. Gammon; unattached; retired. That was one way of putting it.

END

# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## MIDWEST

1. ILLINOIS (110-40)
2. KANSAS (112-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (7-2)

Fidel Castro deserved accolades as Tulsa upset Missouri Valley Conference favorite Cincinnati 57-50 and defending champion Louisville 85-69. It was because of Castro that Al Cuetto, now the Hurricane center, fled Cuba several years ago. A surprisingly agile 6' 8" and 235 pounds, Cuetto pulled down 14 rebounds in two games and scored 23 points. Also helping out were Larry Cheatham, who played despite a torn ankle ligament and scored 23 points, and lobby Smith, who scored 45 points and was the catalyst in the team's new souped-up offense. Defensively, the Hurricanes switched from a zone to a man-to-man in the second half against the Bearcats, held them to just 15 points in the final 20 minutes and rallied for their ninth win in 11 tries. They then limited the Cardinals, who had been 9-0, to their lowest output of the season. Worst hit was Butch Beard of Louisville, who had 52 points in two earlier wins against North Texas State and Wichita State, but made good on only six of 22 shots against the Hurricanes. Cincinnati, which had led Tulsa 35-28 at the half, squandered an identical lead against Wichita State and lost 67-66. The only other MVC team unbeaten in the conference was Drake, which boosted its overall mark to 11-0. The Bulldogs took their first two MVC games by beating Memphis State 73-71 on a jumper by Willie McCarter in the final 42 seconds, and then drubbing St. Louis 104-65.

Kansas won the Big Eight tournament in Kansas City, defeating Oklahoma State 56-45, then narrowly averted a loss to Nebraska in the conference opener. The Cornhuskers used a sugging man-to-man to clog the Jayhawk shots under the basket in the second half and took a 50-49 lead with 1:50 to play. Bruce Sloan of the Jayhawks misted a drive-in but scored on a follow-up, and Kansas prevailed 56-52. Colorado, rearing up as the most potent threat to Kansas in the Big Eight, easily took care of Oklahoma 80-56. Another roadblock for the Jayhawks could be Kansas State, which finally got its first break (unranked and outscored Iowa State 13-4 in the closing two minutes of a 75-65 victory).

"The Big Ten championship will be won with upsets," said Northwestern's Larry Glass. Big Ten teams, though, were upsetting only outsiders last week. Minnesota ended Detroit's win streak at ten games 83-80, despite 34 points by Spencer Haywood.

(Marquette also beat Detroit 85-71, as Haywood had 35 points.) And Wisconsin—which earlier in the season had upset Kansas and had lost by just one point to Notre Dame—shocked Kentucky 69-65. With 6' 9" Craig Mayberry, a JC transfer, on hand this season, the Badgers have moved Jim Johnson from center to forward, and his 27 points and 15 rebounds were instrumental in defeating the Wildcats. But then the Big Ten season got under way, and both the Gophers and Badgers lost. Illinois out-rebounded Minnesota 41-25 en route to an 80-58 win, while Rick Mount scored 31 points as Purdue beat Wisconsin 86-80. Although he did not score any points, a 51-50 toy bulldog was credited with helping Northwestern. He has been sitting on the team bench since an opening game loss to Stanford and presumably watched the Wildcats beat Michigan State 85-73 for their ninth win in a row. Ohio State, after being joined by Washington 64-59, began defense of its Big Ten title by defeating Indiana 90-82.

Notre Dame had no trouble with American University, but had to come back from a 10-point halftime deficit to beat St. Peter's (N.J.) 85-74. That game was the first Irish had to play without Austin Carr, the team's leading scorer and playmaker. Carr broke his left foot in practice and is expected to be out for six weeks.

## SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (9-1)
2. DAVIDSON (8-1)
3. KENTUCKY (7-2)

After strutting through the Midwest, LSU, Davidson and Duke came home, basking in the reflected glory of their respective wins over Duquesne, Michigan and Iowa—and then promptly fell flat on their faces. The Tigers, fresh from winning the All-College Tournament in Oklahoma City where Pete Marinich scored 53 points against Duquesne in the finals, were staggered by Alabama 85-82. Pistol Pete, who had been shooting less this year in an effort to feed teammates and build victories, pulled the trigger 49 times against Alabama. He hit on 19 tries and wound up with 42 points—all to no avail. A botched-up play by St. John's worked out well enough to lead to the downfall of Davidson, which lost 75-74 in the last two seconds of overtime. With the Wildcats leading 74-73 and seven seconds to go, they lost the ball to the Redmen because they were unable to pass rebounds within the allotted five seconds. St. John's then carefully set up one last play, but missed of the

ball going to John Warren in the corner, it went to 6' 10" Bill Paulitz, who was almost 30 feet from the basket. Paulitz let fly with a desperation shot, the ball went through the net and Davidson became a first-time loser. For the Redmen, who had beaten North Carolina in New York's Holiday Festival, it was the second straight week they had defeated one of the country's top-ranked teams. In Duke's case, faulty strategy by an opponent proved just the stuff of victory. With 51 seconds left, Iowa decided to play for one last shot. It never came, as Fred Lind of the Blue Devils stole the ball with eight seconds left. Randy Demen of Duke, who had 25 points, added two foul shots in the closing moments to give the Blue Devils an 83-82 win. Then, like LSU and Davidson, Duke returned to the Southland and was defeated 94-70 by North Carolina as Charlie Scott scored 34 points for the Tar Heels.

LSU was not the only team to be upset in Southeastern Conference play. Tennessee was dumped by Mississippi State 58-57, and Vanderbilt lost to Georgia 104-80. Kentucky struggled to a 69-59 victory over Mississippi when Randy Pooal came off the bench to score six straight points. The Wildcat bench, though, was weakened considerably when Greg Starnick, a 6' 2" guard and the No. 6 man on the squad, quit the team because he felt he was not playing enough.

South Carolina looked as though it might be able to challenge North Carolina for the Atlantic Coast Conference title. The Gamecocks won the Quaker City Tournament in Philadelphia 62-59 by slowing down La Salle's hurry-up offense, and then won their ACC opener from Clemson 73-62. In winning the Quaker City affair, South Carolina used only first players, four of them sophomores. One of those youngsters—John Roche—had 24 points and eight assists against La Salle and won the MVP award.

## EAST

1. ST. JOHN'S (9-2)
2. VILLANOVA (8-1)
3. COLUMBIA (8-1)

Frank Gillen took a shot he did not want. The result was a 68-67 Villanova victory over St. Bonaventure. With four seconds left and the Bonnies in front 67-66, the Wildcats missed a foul shot. Jim McIntosh of the Wildcats strained for the rebound and tapped it back to Gillen. "I just wanted to go up in all that traffic and get fouled," Gillen said later. "I didn't expect to get a shot off. But I had a chance, so I shot." The Wildcats, trying earlier to contain Bob Lanier of the Bonnies, boxed him away from the backboard with two and sometimes three men, floating one man in front of him. Still, Lanier sank 11 of 15 shots. Exercising somewhat similar strategy, the Bonnies had overplayed Villanova's Johnny Jones in the first

half Jones scored just one point during that time, but Howard Porter got 14. In the second half, the Bonnies eased up on Jones and worked over Porter, only to have Jones plunk in 16 points and Porter another 11.

La Salle won a ball game 89-68 against Hofstra—but lost a ball player, Ken Durst, a 6' 7" sophomore with a scoring touch. He injured his right knee in the game and if he suffered torn ligaments—as it is feared—he will be through for the season.

Jack McKinney gave his St. Joseph's team a pep talk with 6:36 left and Indiana leading 67-60 in a game to settle third place in the Quaker City Tournament. "You have to do it now," McKinney implored his players. "It has to come from your guts." After his Hawks had outscored the Hoosiers 17-1, McKinney said, "That is 'superstomach' play, to stick in there that long." Mike Hauer's 36 points did not hurt the Hawks' cause, either, as their 80-72 win

Princeton rallied, too, coming from nine points back in the last 10 minutes to defeat Penn 59-56 as Jeff Petrie scored 14 of the Tigers' last 18 points. The next day the Tigers scored another Army 51-42, making it their fourth straight loss for the Cadets, their longest losing streak since 1956-57. Twenty-seven points by Jim McMillian earned Columbia its ninth win in 10 games, a 79-52 victory over Cornell. A string of 34 consecutive points in the second half helped Temple to beat Navy 92-68. Providence, however, had to labor through three overtimes before downing Canis 83-84.

## WEST

1. UCLA (9-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (12-0)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (11-0)

UCLA had the distinction of winning on both coasts, taking the Holiday Festival final at Madison Square Garden by defeating Se John's 74-56 and beating Tulane at home 96-64. The Redmen gave the Bruins a hard time in the first half, trailing only 31-27. Then MVP Lew Alcindor, who had 30 points, got busy in the second half and the Bruins pulled away. Against the Green Wave, Alcindor was charged with a technical foul after he protested a foul by throwing the ball in the air. Coach John Wooden promptly benched him, with 12:30 left, but by that time he had 34 points.

According to one pro scout, the next big college center after Alcindor leaves this spring will not be nearly as tall but will be almost as talented. Jerry Krause of the Chicago Bulls thinks he has found the youngster he has been looking for. The player is Willie Sojourner, 6'8", of Weber State. Says Krause, whose coach, Dick Motta, left Weber State only this season, "I've looked all over the country and I haven't seen a soph-

omore center to match Willie." And what has Sogunore done to deserve such praise? Well, he is averaging 18 points and 13 rebounds a game, is hitting on 46% of his shots and has come up with a cross-lane hook and a power dipper. Sogunore's cross-lane hook is taken while maneuvering across the foul line. His power dipper is a shot that comes at the end of a giant step toward the basket. Sogunore poses the ball on his fingertips and, at the end of his flight through the air, drops it in. With Justus Thigpen adding 17 points a game and with Sessions, Harlan in charge of a vice-like defense, the Wildcats are now 8-1 and may well have their first team ever.

Houston, continuing its spectacular demise, lost for the fifth time as Ken Spain was bottled up by West Texas State's sagging zone. Spain, whose shots stayed mainly out of the basket, scored just two points as the Cougars lost 86-76.

The Broncos won the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu, holding off Columbia for a 64-58 win. They then beat Oklahoma City 92-82 and won their West Coast Athletic Conference opener from San Francisco 86-66. Doing the scoring for the Broncos was Dennis Awtry (27 against both the Lions and Chiefs), Ralph Ogden (29 against the Chiefs) and Bud Ogden (12 of 15 shots and 26 points against the Ducks).

First place in Portland's Far West classic went to Oregon, which beat Washington State 80-78. A corner shot by Jim Henry in the waning moments made a winner out of the Ducks after Billy Gaskins stole the ball with 10 seconds left. Gaskins, who scored 23 points, was the tournament's MVP. Rick Abrahamson of Oregon, of whom the Cougar scouting report said, "Let him shoot," did just that and sank seven out of eight attempts.

Mike Newlin of Utah, who grew up in the Los Angeles area, returned to play there in the Sports Arena on his birthday against USC. His 32 points led the Redskins to an 80-72 upset win. Utah State surprised Colorado State 83-73 as Merv Roberts put on 31 points. Another high scorer was Nate Archibald, who made good on 12 of 13 shots and had 32 points as UTEP beat Arizona 93-83 and brought its record to 10-3. Arizona sank only 29% of its first-half shots against Seattle, but 36% in the second half and won 75-66. New Mexico State beat Albuquerque 91-81 and Idaho State 85-62 as Sam Lacey had 39 points and 39 rebounds. Butler, spurred on by 5'8" Steve Normis and 5'10" Steve Hardin, defeated New Mexico 81-80 in overtime.

In the first game of the Southwest Conference race SMU, tied for the cellar a year ago, won 81-78 from TCU, last season's champion.

**END**

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# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Certainly 1968 was a genuine vintage year for heroes. All the Simpsons and filmings of the world, however, must step aside for Bill Russell in terms of pride and sheer physical ability. Bill has been the lifeblood of the Celtics for 12 years, and it was high time that he was honored in such a prominent fashion. The inspiration that he instilled in the Celts was more than that of a coach to his players; it was strictly man to man, and the contagious pride of the man drove his presumably "dead" (in Philly they had already held services) veterans back to the proud tradition that is, and always will be, the heritage and essence of the Boston Celtics. You have placed Bill in his rightful place. Truly, William Felton Russell has reached the peak; none will climb higher!

CHARLES FINCH

S'trawsbury, Mass.

Sirs:

Bill Russell for Sportsman of the Year? Unbelievable! SI gives due credit to his game performance as a player and a coach of the Boston Celtics, but should not a man's performance off the court, his attitude toward his fans and admirers, also be an important consideration for this award? If so, I submit that Mr. Russell could not conceivably have been the deserving recipient.

WILLIAM B. SQUIER

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you for your truly great article on Bill Russell, Sportsman of the Year. Before reading it, I thought Russell was a cold, harsh man. You not only convinced me that he is a great athlete, but also a great person.

CASH MITCHELL

Guilford, Conn.

Sirs:

Although I neglected to nominate anyone for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year award, I must vehemently protest your selection. Bill Russell should be selected Sportsman of the Decade!

I have known Bill for three years while working as a ball boy for the New York Knickerbockers. He has always been extraordinarily patient, considerate and friendly toward me. I have enjoyed numerous lengthy conversations with Bill, and his views and opinions on life, ethics and basketball have influenced me greatly. As a high school senior and future college basketball player, I proudly admit that I will always carry with me his ideals. He is one of the persons I choose to model myself after.

His physical accomplishments are awesome and, alone, are enough to earn him this honor. But his becoming the first Negro coach and leader of a professional sports team will open the gates for more minority groups and teach people, when judging a man, to become truly color-blind.

LEWIS R. DORF

New York City

Sirs:

I applaud your choice of Bill Russell as Sportsman of the Year, for years, I have considered him one of the finest men on the American sporting scene. And George Plimpton's article (*Referentialism in a Diner*, Dec. 23) was both literate and perceptive, as always. However, I was deeply disappointed by Mr. Plimpton's failure to discuss one of Mr. Russell's foremost characteristics—his commitment to positive social change and political and economic freedom for the black man in America. I fully realize SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's desire to remain basically apolitical, and over the years I have found your coverage of people and events to be both fair and above ideology. But I cannot help reflecting that during my years as a distance runner at the University of Pittsburgh and now with the University of Chicago Track Club, my appreciation for athletics and the association with people throughout the country grew with my involvement in first the civil rights and then the peace movements. Athletics is an exchange between brothers, black and white, rich and poor, American and Cuban. Rare is the athlete who does not grow as a man through his exposure to other men of all persuasions.

Forgive me for being a bit moralistic—perhaps the social worker in me is showing—but Bill Russell the athlete and coach is just one facet of Bill Russell the man, and I'm sorry Mr. Plimpton and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED chose to so limit themselves in honoring this superb sportsman.

FRANK HANDELMAN

Chicago

## WORD SAVER

Sirs:

After seeing the picture of the Baltimore Colt defense (*Countdown to a Title*, Dec. 23), I realize that the saying is true: one picture is worth a thousand words. That picture has more meaning than all the rest in the magazine put together. It is concise and simple, but still it means so much. Articles and pictures usually key on the offense and the backs. The defensive standouts rarely receive the recognition they deserve.

The famous Colt defense has deserved this type of recognition for quite a while,

and I'm glad to see they have finally received it. My congratulations go to SI.

ALLEN F. LIKER

Hays, Kans.

## BOURBON STREET BLUES

Sirs:

Several years ago I wrote you regarding the very brief bikinis pictured on the cover and inside pages of an issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. In retrospect, those were nothing compared to the picture of the stripper in the Dec. 23 issue (*Sugar Week in New Orleans*), which I consider to be the utmost in vulgarity. If people want to go to Bourbon Street and see things like that, it's fine and their business, but I certainly object strongly to pictures of this caliber in a magazine such as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

We've taken the magazine for a number of years, having three teen-aged boys, but I'm about ready to cancel. How about attempting to rise above this type of thing and just stick to sports, which are far more interesting? The article on New Orleans would have been just as effective had that horrible picture been deleted.

MARGARET NABER

Shawana, Wis.

Sirs:

What kind of "sport" is this?

The attire of the young ladies pictured in your Dec. 16 and 23 issues leaves little to the imagination and much to be desired.

MRS. CHARLES C. WORSTELL

Pocatello, Idaho

Sirs:

To say we were shocked by the picture of "Rita, a star stripper" would be putting it mildly. While this kind of picture appeals to my husband (he loved it), I don't think it is very suitable for a 10-year-old boy.

Is this type of picture going to be a weekly addition to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED? I would hate to cancel my son's subscription, because he devours every issue that comes and saves each one.

MRS. GLENN T. WAGGNER

Woodlyn, Pa.

## SHARKS AND OSTRICHES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article *The Shark's Are Moving In* (Dec. 9). You have presented the situation at Palm Beach clearly and forcefully. It is a great pity that nothing has been done since the timely meeting was called by Paul Rogers. As you pointed out, all of us agreed that the most effective way to reduce the shark hazard in the Palm Beach area was to fish

continued

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## 18TH HOLE / 18TH HOLE

For sharks, and our AIMS Shark Research Panel members (Baldridge, Springer and myself) pointed out that this procedure has been followed with great effectiveness in Australia and in Durban, South Africa. In these two localities gill nets are employed off bathing beaches to capture sharks. This is a costly operation, for the nets must be visited every other day and dead sharks removed. We proposed a far less costly operation, namely, that of utilizing the services of capable commercial shark fishermen to reduce the shark population, and it seemed almost providential when one man, Les Rayen, came forward eager and willing to undertake this task. I am sure that, with a modest financial subsidy, his fishing activity would have substantially reduced the shark hazard in the Palm Beach area. What a pity local apathy and politics so discouraged Rayen that, after nearly two months of waiting, he was forced to go elsewhere to fish for sharks.

It would indeed seem that the local politicians at Palm Beach prefer to ignore the whole problem and give it as little publicity as possible. One is reminded of the quip of an old subammer: "To continue to assume the posture of an ostrich is only to expose a delicate part of one's anatomy to attack."

PERRY W. GILBERT  
Executive Director  
More Marine Laboratory

Santa Fe, Fla.

## HOT STOVE

Sims

It seems that the baseball hierarchy has finally realized that the game is rapidly losing its public appeal. The two major reasons for this pitfall seem to be lack of hitting and slow, lifeless play. We of the Student Leaders of Base Shortening (SLOBs) have been advocating a measure which has been continually ignored by the owners for the past 10 years.

Our plan calls for the shortening of the distance to first base by five feet. This simple measure would help raise batting averages while concurrently shortening the time of a game. Careful scientific study has shown that our plan would decrease by 0.9362 of a second the time consumed by every base on balls. It would also chip 0.7231 of a second from each home run. Our calculations show that if our plan had been adopted 30 years ago, baseball would since have been shortened by a total of almost seven days! I sincerely hope that your readers will join in our dedicated cause before baseball suffers the same fate as chariot racing, alligator wrestling and water polo.

BARTHOLOMEW BERTSCHING

Malden, Mass.

Supr:

Certainly we are all aware of the fact that nothing really happens in baseball un-

til the ball is hit and things don't get exciting until some runs are scored. The reasons offered for the decrease in hitting averages are many—and some of them may have some validity—but the real reason is quite simple. It is based on the following truths:

There is no doubt that today's athletes are bigger, stronger, faster and smarter than their ancestors. In most sports, and particularly team sports, the players are engaged in head-to-head combat and the long-range improvements in athletic skills are canceled out. This is also true of hitters and pitchers. The hitter vs. pitcher contest should not be tampered with because as the pitchers get better, so do the hitters.

The reason batting averages have dropped over the years now becomes obvious. In baseball, the area into which the ball is hit determines the percentage or probability of a hit being scored. This area is determined not by the pitcher but by the foul lines (90 apart). Today's fielders, however, are also bigger, faster, stronger and smarter than their predecessors, and they are equipped with bigger and better gloves. Therefore, they cover more of the hitting area than ever before. The net result is that, while the total area into which the ball can be hit has remained about the same, there is less area into which a batter can hit safely. Wee Willie Keeler, for instance, would have a tough time "hitting 'em where they ain't." About the only place today's fielders ain't is over the fence. So quite naturally (and perhaps without really realizing why), the batter has been gunning for the fences with ever increasing regularity.

One possible solution is to increase the area into which the ball can be hit by enlarging the angle between the foul lines. A change from  $90^\circ$  to  $96^\circ$  would increase the probable hitting area by  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ , and the result would be to return to the batter some chance of getting a hit.

J. TEMPLE BLACK  
Dept. of Mechanical and  
Industrial Engineering  
University of Illinois

Urbano, III.

### LARGE RETURN

Surf

This is a note of thanks for the very insightful article about Kenyon basketball (*Small Is a Way of Life*, Dec. 2). For Kenyon to find itself in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is a pleasant surprise in itself, but to be treated with such understanding by Curry Kirkpatrick made it pleasant for all of the students, faculty, alumni and friends of Kenyon College. We are most appreciative.

WILLIAM G. CAPLES  
President  
Kean College

Gambier, Ohio

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